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"HOW WE FOUGHT THE FIRE."—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE CARLETON'S POEM ON PAGE 802.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW STORY,

I SAY NO!

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED,

will begin in HARPER'S WEEKLY *for December* 22, 1883.

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For 1884.

The Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY *for December 22d and 29th,* 1883, *containing the first two installments of* WILKIE COLLINS'S *new story, will be sent gratuitously to all* NEW *subscribers requesting the same, on receipt by* HARPER & BROTHERS *of four dollars, the subscription price for* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for* 1884.

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HOW JOHN NORTON KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS,

with fourteen spirited illustrations.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's message has made a remarkably pleasant impression upon the country, and the comments of the Democratic are hardly less commendatory than those of the Republican press. This is due to two reasons—that the message is a simple and clear statement of the condition of the country, and that it contains no political or partisan disquisition. The fact that such a message is most fitting for the situation is a gratifying tribute to the Administration. There is nothing to defend, or explain, or apologize for, and the national condition which the message reflects is of the kind which is always most satisfactory to the country.

We are at peace with all the world, and there are no clouds of trouble upon the horizon. The fishery provisions in the Treaty of Washington will be duly abrogated, and the exodus of paupers from British almshouses to this country will be arranged without serious friction. At home, the important questions are the finances and taxation, the sea-coast defenses, the Mormons, the reform in the civil service, the Presidential succession, and the postal telegraph. The redundant revenue, in the President's opinion, may be wisely reduced; but as the probable excess for the year will be but about $60,000,000, and as it is impossible definitely to foretell the effect of the tariff reduction of last year, the President does not favor any radical revision or sweeping modification of the existing laws, and would prefer to see the neglected coast defenses rehabilitated and local postage reduced from two cents to one cent. This, of course, is a temporary provision until the reduction of revenue now in operation can be measured. The Secretary of the Treasury thinks that the reduction will be $30,000,000 less than was anticipated, and that the excessive revenue should be diminished by a reduction of tariff taxation, especially upon sugar, molasses, and raw material. But the Secretary, like the President, and for the same reason, is not ready to recommend present action, as all such action must, under the circumstances, be experimental.

But it would be wise for the Republicans in Congress to acquiesce in any moderate reduction which should still leave resources enough for the proper aid of the coast defenses, rather than to insist upon a revenue which the Republican administration concedes to be excessive, and which it admits should be diminished. The political situation is such that it is unquestionably sound policy for the Republican party to become the party of a reasonable reduction, rather than by opposition to all reduction to leave to the Democrats the prestige of a demand for a reduction of taxation. The reason is that the friends of a moderate reduction would greatly prefer to see it effected by a party whose action could not be interpreted as the first step toward free trade. It would therefore be a political blunder for the Republicans to resist every movement of the kind.

The President's urgent counsels upon a proper provision for the Presidential succession, to which we shall recur, should be heeded by Congress and the country.

He speaks of reform in these gratifying words:

"Its practical methods appear to be adequate for the ends proposed, and there has been no serious difficulty in carrying them into effect. Since the 16th of July last, no person, so far as I am aware, has been appointed to the public service in the classified portions thereof at any of the departments, or at any of the post-offices and customs districts above named, except those certified by the Commission to be the most competent on the basis of the examinations held in conformity to the rules."

We trust that the Commission will recommend an extension of the rules, which have been found so adequate and practicable, to other classes in the service, and that the President will acquiesce.

CONVICT LABOR.

THE total vote upon the abolition of contract labor in prisons at the late election in New York was 673,000, of which 405,882 favored the abolition of the present contract system, and 266,966 were opposed to the abolition. As we have already pointed out, the vote effects no change, and is merely an expression of opinion. But it will be cited as a proof of the popular desire for a change of system, and as it represents the feeling of knavish demagogues and their ignorant followers upon the one hand, and the views of many of the sincerest and most eminent prison reformers upon the other, it is a subject which demands the most careful and prompt attention from intelligent members of the Legislature. It is they who should take the initiative upon the question, and they will be culpable if they leave it to the demagogues.

The vote undoubtedly largely represents those who are opposed to any kind of convict labor. Ohio also has declared against the ordinary contract system, and the Constitution of California prohibits it. But all prison reformers, however they may differ upon methods, earnestly concur in the imperative necessity and justice of such labor. Denunciation of it catches the fancy of the most ignorant, but no intelligent man seriously thinks that honest men, besides supporting their own families, should also support 45,000 criminals in absolute idleness. If anybody should be made to work for his living, it is the man whose crimes have made him a danger and a burden to the community. But the demagogue's cry against the competition of convict labor is a demand that the honest laborer shall support idle prisoners.

The article upon the question by Mr. F. B. SANBORN which was lately published in HARPER'S WEEKLY has naturally attracted a great deal of attention, because Mr. SANBORN is known as one of the authorities upon the subject. He and Mr. Z. R. BROCKWAY, of the Elmira Reformatory, whose labors in what may be called penal science are familiar to all persons who have looked into the subject, agree in the opinion that the mixed or piece-price system of prison labor is the best. This is a system "by which the prison authorities direct the labor without the intervention of contractors or their employés, but have contracts with manufacturers outside the prison to supply stock, and take the finished product at a certain specified price per article, thus avoiding the day's-work price, and the supervision of the convicts while at work by men who have no higher interest than salaries or profits in their management of prisoners." The agreement of these gentlemen upon the preferable system of convict labor should have great weight with members of the Legislature who are considering or who will be called upon to consider the subject. Of one thing they may be sure—that the spirit which prompted the submission of the proposition to the voters at the recent election is a spirit which seeks only to cajole voters, and is absolutely ignorant of the principles of prison discipline, and utterly careless of the public welfare. The proposition was mere political "gag." But the vote having been taken, wise legislators will heed the actual situation.

THE SPEAKER.

THE selection of Mr. CARLISLE as Speaker was a surprise. The reports of the few days immediately preceding the caucus had, indeed, shown that he was a much stronger candidate than had been supposed; but the nomination of Mr. RANDALL had been so long conceded and assumed that the result was practically unexpected. The significance of Mr. CARLISLE'S nomination is not that of a simple division between the protection and the free-trade Democrats. It is partly sectional. Of the 95 votes from the Southern States Mr. CARLISLE received 72. Of the 93 others he received 34, and the minor officers were of the same section. This fact must be taken into the estimate, as it certainly will be by the country, for it was frankly admitted during the last days of the contest that sectional considerations were in full play.

Apart from this, so far as the selection signifies anything, it shows that the number of Democratic members of the House who are disposed to undertake a revision of the tariff is larger than had been supposed. This question, indeed, can now hardly be avoided, and here begins the peril of the Democratic party which has been long foreseen. Undoubtedly its possible course has already aroused apprehension in business and industrial circles. The election of Mr. RANDALL would have been accepted as a declaration that the party was fully aware of the delicacy and danger of tariff tinkering, and that nothing of importance would be done. But the choice of Mr. CARLISLE shows the probability of an active and vigorous policy of tariff revision in what is called the free-trade direction. It tends, therefore, to alarm that great manufacturing and industrial interest which a large part of the Democratic party wished to propitiate by silence and evasion. It forces the party into the light. It compels it to take a positive position, and to declare a policy, because the question having been raised during the canvass, the nomination of Mr. CARLISLE will be interpreted as a distinct committal of the party. The Speaker's speech upon his election shows the Democratic consciousness of the fact, and the deprecatory and explanatory and defensive tone of the Democratic press confirms it.

For the same reasons the election of Speaker will have the further effect of forcing the tariff forward as a leading issue in the campaign of next year. It will present the Democratic party as a free-trade party, although it will plead that it means only reasonable revenue reform, and compel it to encounter the cry of protection to American industry as against pauperized labor. But here the actual situation of the country and its own State platforms during the year will compel a Democratic policy of hedging, which in a general campaign, requiring simple and clearly defined issues, will be very disadvantageous. In this situation wise and moderate action upon the part of the Republicans will attract that large body of voters which, while not desiring a high protective policy, would carefully respect vested interests and established industries, and, fearing the spirit and extent of Democratic innovation, would prefer to see the subject under Republican control. The unexpected Democratic choice of a Speaker, therefore, should not be allowed to drive the Republicans into an extreme position. They may wisely co-operate in judicious measures of tariff revision as a means of reducing the revenue to the legitimate demands of the government. There are many Republican revenue reformers who profoundly deprecate Democratic ascendency upon many grounds, and there are many Democratic protectionists who would not wish to see "Democratic reform" of the tariff. The chances of Democratic success next year are not increased by the election of Mr. CARLISLE, but the Democratic party now professes to represent something besides evasion and trickery, which is a great improvement in the political situation.

THE SITUATION IN VIRGINIA.

THE "Re-adjusters" and the "Bourbons" in Virginia, or the MAHONE party and the Democrats, have each published a document describing the political situation in that State. One of the original and ostensible objects of the formation of the MAHONE party, and that which gave it its distinctive name of Re-adjuster, is disposed of by the acquiescence of the Democrats in the decision of the Re-adjuster Legislature and the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States. This leaves each organization to be tried by its general character and the results of its administration. The Democratic address asserts that the question of the debt having been settled, the real reason for the new party has disappeared, and that the late election shows that the voters are returning to the Democratic fold. The MAHONE charges of systematic murder and bloodshed in certain counties and in Danville are met by the Democratic address with the assertion that in those counties the Re-adjuster or coalition vote was increased, showing that the disorder arose from individual quarrels. The address retorts the accusation by the declaration that the only intimidation was that of non-coalition colored voters by coalition colored voters. The general Democratic arraignment of the coalition party is this:

"A Legislature pledged by its majority in advance to obey every mandate of a party caucus, that caucus sitting only to register and transmit the decrees of its master; the executive and judicial offices greedily seized by the dictator's personal adherents; blind loyalty to one man set up as the sole test of fitness for positions of trust; the asylums for the insane, those touching monuments of the public charity, and the free-school system, that nobler monument of the public wisdom, thrown in to swell the dirty heap of party spoils—so much of this wild revel of mock statesmanship has passed into history. What was threatened—re-arrangement of Congressional districts and judicial circuits, repeal of municipal charters, usurpation of the powers long vested in chancery courts to control through their own commissioners judicial sales of lands—all this was intended to fix, confirm, and perpetuate the power of the autocrat, this new Dr. FRANCIA."

To all this the MAHONE manifest offers a powerful counter-statement, the chief allegations of which, so far as they regard administration, do not seem to be challenged. The coalition claims more successful financial management, and charges the Bourbons with hostility to the colored voters and to the school system:

"The Funders by their unfriendly legislation and administration reduced the number of public schools from 3087, of which 709 were colored, to 2491, of which but 89 were colored. They reduced the pupils from 131,088, of whom 38,076 were colored, to 108,074, of whom but 5208 were colored. They reduced the teachers from 3084, of whom 504 were colored, to 2504, of whom but 94 were colored. They reduced the expenditures from $587,472 for the year to $511,902. On the other hand, in their three years the Re-adjusters have increased the number of schools from 2491 to 5587, the number of colored schools from 89 to 850; the pupils from 108,074 to 257,362, the colored pupils from 5208 to 49,560; the teachers from 2504 to 4538, the colored teachers from 94 to 644. The expenditures from $511,902 were increased to $1,157,142."

The coalition also insists that it has greatly improved the care of the insane, removing them from prisons to asylums with kind and skillful attendance, and that it has abolished the whipping system, which was made "a disfranchising machine" against the colored voters. The cost of the State government previously averaged $1,084,664 annually; under the Re-adjusters it has averaged $802,234. The rate of taxation has been reduced from sixty to forty cents on the one hundred

dollars. Within the last three years the floating debt of the State, which was nearly two millions, has been reduced to less than three-quarters of a million ($715,000), while the balance of cash in the treasury has increased from twenty-three thousand dollars to over a million and a half.

The coalition claims, therefore, that while it has truly respected the spirit and purpose of the equal citizenship conferred by the Constitution of the United States, it has administered the government of the State more wisely and prosperously than the Bourbons. There is no question that its manifest is much the stronger of the two. But the coalition movement has failed to command general favor among intelligent and patriotic men, because its original purpose was *quasi* repudiation, and because it resorted to the bribery of patronage. Had it proposed the security of colored citizens in their rights, the improvement of the school system, and more efficient and economical administration as its great objects, it would have been sustained by the best and strongest Republican sentiment in the country. But handicapped as it was, it has not had united Republican sympathy, as BUTLER has not been supported by reformers, despite his profuse professions of reform. The massacre at Danville, according to the careful report in the New York *Times*, was not preconcerted, but it revealed a state of feeling which seems to make fair play for the colored voters very uncertain. The assertion that MAHONE ought to have been supported by all Republicans, whatever his financial plans and his political methods, because of his efforts for the colored people, seems to us extremely ill-judged. It is only another form of the Jesuit doctrine that the end justifies the means.

THE "ALASKA" COLLISION.

THE running down of a pilot-boat by the steam-ship *Alaska*, and the consequent great loss of life, should be most thoroughly investigated, because there is a general feeling that the enormous ocean steamers, relying upon their superior strength, are more anxious to maintain their record of speed than to proceed with caution. The suddenness and completeness of the terrible collision were appalling, and both the proprietors and officers of great steamers should be taught that they will be held to a strict account by public opinion.

The *Herald* says that the *Alaska's* officers and other employés in the office of the company were very reticent, and not disposed to answer the questions of reporters. But this was one of the instances in which the reporters were justified in seeking information. They often ask impertinent questions about matters with which the public has no rightful concern. But a disaster which involves a great loss of human life it is the business of the press to investigate and to lay before the public in its details.

This is equally true of railroad accidents, the causes and details of which companies and employés are very apt to try to conceal. The mishap upon the City Hall branch of the elevated railway the other day has caused general uneasiness, which would have been obviated if the company had itself published an accurate statement of the circumstances. The attempt to "hush up" such accidents always results in greater apprehension.

OUR READERS.

A FIERCE little paper in Baltimore, called the *Sun*, makes an appeal to "the Southern people" against HARPER'S WEEKLY, of the kind that was familiar before the war. It says that it is for those people to determine whether a journal "which so systematically maligns them" is worthy of admission to their homes.

We refer this question most cheerfully to the people to whom it is addressed, and we are perfectly willing to hear their verdict upon the charge of systematic maligning. HARPER'S WEEKLY treats "the Southern people" as it treats "the Northern people," frankly discussing before them public questions in which all parts of the country have a common interest, and regretting that by the political "solidity" of the Southern States a sectional aspect and tone should inevitably be given to political controversy.

If the suggestion of reasons for this situation should seem to any reader in those States to be incorrect and mistaken, HARPER'S WEEKLY certainly does not do such a citizen the ludicrous injustice of supposing that he would indignantly cry out to stop his paper. The Baltimore *Sun* is probably not aware that there has been much change during the last twenty-five years. The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, wherever they may be, in the Southern or the Northern States, are quite intelligent, and perfectly capable of selecting their own reading, and we have no hesitation in saying for them that they do not look upon a strenuous difference of opinion from theirs, properly stated, as malignant misrepresentation of their views.

MR. BLAINE'S LETTER.

THE letter of Mr. BLAINE upon the distribution of the whiskey tax among the States has naturally attracted general attention, but the comment has been pretty unanimous that the scheme would be practically unequal, and that whether constitutional or not, it involves very serious consequences. It assumes a perpetual whiskey tax, and furnishes very strong motives for promoting the traffic in intoxicating liquor. This would be a serious misfortune. But while the scheme reckons upon a fixed amount of receipts from the tax, it forgets that it would be most unequally paid by the States.

A table published in the *World*, based upon the official returns, shows, for instance, that while the four States, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, pay, in round numbers, a liquor tax of $55,000,000, they would receive, under the plan of distribution proposed, only $17,000,000. On the other hand, while the six New England States contribute in round numbers $7,000,000, they would receive $14,000,000.

But besides such objections there is that of the immense and dangerous centralization involved in such a scheme. To the plausible question whether it is not better to tax whiskey than farms and homesteads, the answer is yes; but it does not follow that it is well to tax whiskey according to this method and for this purpose. Indeed, nothing is well which seriously weakens the interest of the people in their local government, and this would be the inevitable result of this proposition. The reception of the suggestion has not been favorable; and there are those who see that the plan, like that of the total repeal of the internal revenue taxes, would necessarily make a judicious revision of the tariff much more difficult and improbable.

THE NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S appointment of Mr. WHEELER H. PECKHAM to succeed Mr. JOHN MCKEON as District Attorney has been received with universal commendation, and is another illustration of the high sense of public duty which has generally characterized the Governor's administration. Mr. PECKHAM is a lawyer of honorable eminence, and a public-spirited citizen, who was selected by Mr. O'CONOR to conduct the suits against TWEED, and who admirably discharged the duty. He has not held other public office, and his appointment is of the very kind which good citizens hoped that the Governor would make, and which the ordinary party politicians hoped that he would not make.

AID FOR ASSOS.

THE Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS introduced a resolution at a public meeting lately held in Boston, declaring that the work of the Archæological Institute ought to be supported and prosecuted, and authorizing the appointment of a committee to secure means for publishing the report of the investigations at Assos, and for other work.

The sum of twenty thousand dollars is proposed, and as the most interesting enterprise which has been completed at Assos is not as yet fully reported, and as the report will be one of the most valuable contributions of American scholarship to the elucidation of ancient history, it is hoped that the pride and interest of liberal Americans will be sufficiently enlisted to furnish at least part of the amount desired without delay. Mr. HENRY L. HIGGINSON, of Boston, is the treasurer.

DISTRICT REPRESENTATION.

THE Republican National Committee, which will soon meet, will elect a chairman, and appoint a time and place for the assembling of the National Convention. It will also, in obedience to the instructions of the last Convention, provide for the appointment of district delegates by district conventions. The selection of a chairman and the provision for the conventions are peculiarly important duties, and the manner in which they are discharged will seriously affect the result of the election next year.

There is no question that the appointment of Mr. DORSEY as secretary of the committee in 1880 was a great mistake, and for obvious reasons. A choice of the same kind this year, the selection of an unscrupulous party politician, would justly alienate a sympathy and support that can not be spared. This is a plain truth, which certainly does not need to be enforced.

The rumor that the committee will interpret the mandate of the National Convention in regard to the district conventions in a manner certainly unauthorized, we do not credit. Nothing was plainer than the purpose of the Convention, nor more precise than its provision. It meant to secure to each Congressional district the selection of its delegates to the National Convention, uninfluenced by a State Convention, and by the methods which are practicable at such a Convention, but not at local conventions. An attempt to baffle this purpose by the National Committee would be a most disastrous beginning of the Presidential campaign, and it is not to be apprehended. The performances of the winter and spring of 1879–80 are among the most distasteful in the Republican annals, and we have no fear that they will be repeated this winter.

PERSONAL.

DURING his recent visit to this country Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER painted a number of portraits of Boston gentlemen, one of whom declares that to listen to that artist's talk, while his brush is delineating your features, is worth fully the price of the picture. As Mr. HERKOMER'S price was twenty-five hundred dollars a head, this estimate constitutes a very respectable tribute to his conversational powers.

—Mr. WILLIAM BLAIKIE, author of *Our Children's Bodies, How to Get Strong*, and other hygienic manuals of importance, expresses his conviction that, so far as the taking of bodily exercise goes, Mr. GLADSTONE is the ideal man, the Premier's practice being in winter to walk an hour daily out-doors, and in summer to chop down trees an hour daily. Mr. BLAIKIE has long maintained that in hot weather a properly cared for person should feel as vigorous as in cold weather, and should eat as much and drink as much, the fluid, of course, being non-alcoholic. Race-horses, he says, do their best when the mercury is in the nineties.

—"During the war," said a hearty-looking ex-Confederate soldier the other day, "I was shot through the foot, but it is all right now, and my skin was broken twenty times, but the balls never went through."

—Mr. WILLIAM H. BEARD'S easel contains a canvas representing a new version of the touching story, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" The maid is a monkey dressed in rural style, and carrying a tin milk pail. In the presence of several cows with inquisitive but wondering eyes, she has just made to a strutting and indignant male monkey her considerate reply, "Nobody asked you, sir, she said," while a saucy young monkey, her brother, perhaps, crawls through the grass to pull the tail of the rejected suitor, which protrudes curlingly beneath his ulster. Mr. BEARD'S revised version is full of snap and humor, and the expressions on the faces of his deeply interested cows are enough to make a hangman laugh.

—When "CHARLEY" BACKUS died, it was said by some of his admirers that negro minstrelsy in this city would die with him. The old firm of BIRCH, WAMBOLD, & BACKUS is now extinct, the late sole surviving partner, Mr. "BILLY" BIRCH, having succumbed to circumstances, although the new "end man" whom he had selected to take BACKUS'S place was a melodious actor of unexampled impetuosity. Whether the business of the departed, continued under the name of Haverley's San Francisco Minstrels, will be prosperous it is vain to predict; but the present temper of the metropolitan amusement-loving public, as manifested in the quality of the programmes nightly prepared for it, does not promise the speedy advent of the lay of the last minstrel.

—"Yesterday," said a New York man of letters, "I appreciated for the first time what our 'Munich painters' are driving at. After visiting the collection of pictures at the Bartholdi Loan Exhibition, where the effect of the juxtaposition of the Corots, Rousseaus, Ribots, Vollons, Courbets, Millets, and the rest is so low-toned that at first it struck me as dirty, I went to the gallery of a popular picture-dealer. Here the effect was rank and spotty. I prefer the other."

—Mr. DAVID DOUGLAS, of Edinburgh, Scotland, is publishing an edition of the works of Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and has already issued a reprint of *Prue and I*. Following the practice of American publishers in their dealings with foreign authors, Mr. DOUGLAS has sent Mr. CURTIS a pecuniary acknowledgment for the privilege of printing his work. It is pleasant to note the spread of American ideas in the old country.

—A number of New York ladies—among them Mrs. EDWARD CURTIS, Mrs. WILLIAM BRADFORD, Mrs. HENRY E. HOWLAND, Mrs. FRANCIS C. BARLOW, and Mrs. ROBERT B. MINTURN—who desire to give their children an opportunity of hearing good music, have planned a series of "Concerts for Young People," to be held in Steinway Hall on three successive Saturday afternoons, beginning on the 22d of December. Mr. THEODORE THOMAS will furnish an orchestra of the best Philharmonic musicians, and will procure the services of eminent vocal talent; and while the music chosen will be of the same artistic excellence as that given at the regular Philharmonic concerts, it will also be specially adapted for the entertainment and instruction of boys and girls between the ages of eight and sixteen years. This project bears the stamp of common-sense; of course it will succeed.

—Mr. COURTLANDT PALMER, President of the Nineteenth Century Club, announced to its members at their first meeting this season that he was neither an atheist nor a theist, but an agnostic. He denied that the club was an irreligious organization, and clinched his remarks by advising his listeners to attend Father PRESTON'S course of lectures, in St. Ann's Church, in refutation of infidelity and atheism. Father PRESTON, he said, was the most eloquent preacher in the Roman Catholic Church.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE, of New Orleans, rising to read his essay on the "Ideal Life and Art of the Fictionist" before the Nineteenth Century Club, presented the aspect of a man of thirty, slimmer and shorter than the average, with raven-black hair and raven-black full beard and long mustaches. His manner was modest, his voice irresolute, and his manuscript in some parts so illegible as to cause many breaks in the decipherment. Mr. CABLE maintained that it was the distinct duty of the novelist and of every other artist to aim for the moral well-being of his fellow-men. The Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, who followed him, remarked incidentally that the maxim "Be virtuous, and you will be happy," states what is untrue. It would be more nearly true to say, "Be happy, and you will be good."

—The present King of Siam is doing his best to give his sons a European education, and his people good government, good roads, and good carriages. His army is drilled by Europeans, and many of his high functionaries of state can speak English, and have provided their houses with English furniture. Siam is rapidly advancing in prosperity.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON had an aunt, MARY MOODY EMERSON, whose life, he said, "has to me a value like that which many readers find in Madame GUYON, in RAHEL, in EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN." Miss EMERSON wrote in her diary the following, among other things: "My opinion is that a mind like BYRON'S would never be satisfied with modern Unitarianism; that the fiery depths of Calvinism, its high and mysterious elections to eternal bliss beyond angels, and all its attendant wonders, would have alone been fitted to fix his imagination."

—Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE proves from a letter of the Rev. HENRY VENN, an English vicar of the last century, that the phrase "to enjoy poor health" is evangelical English rather than American. The letter is dated October 19, 1784, and reads, "We expect JOSEPH SCOTT here to take home his wife, who is something better for our air, though at best *she enjoys poor health*."

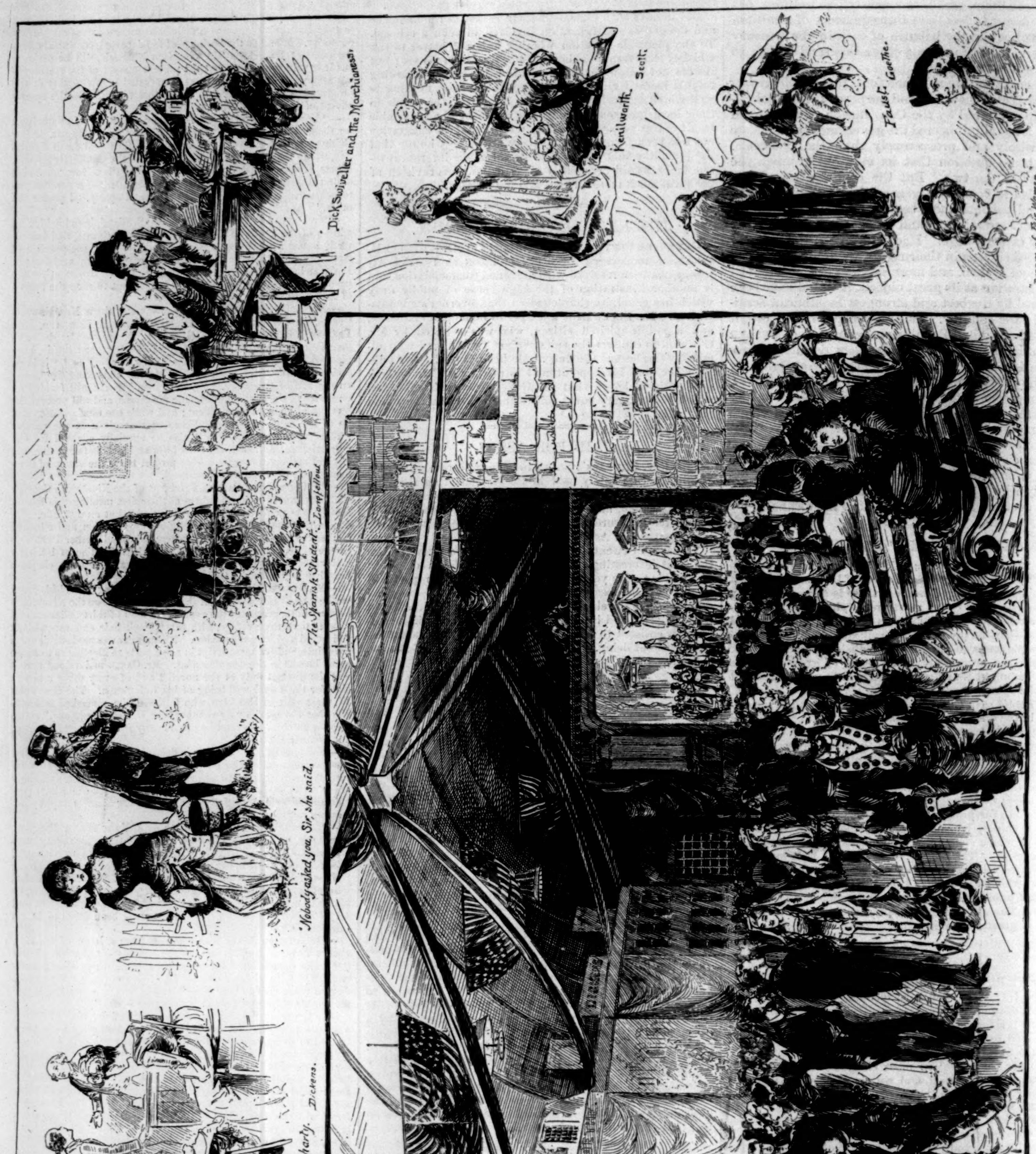
—It is one of the distinguishing merits of the sons of Queen VICTORIA (observes the London *Standard*) that they have been trained to understand that this is a workaday world, in which every good citizen either finds his special share of duty allotted to him, or speedily discovers for himself some useful and honorable task. Upon the heir to the throne naturally devolves much of those social duties which people unfamiliar with them call pleasures, and cynics prefer to describe as frivolities. The keen professional interest exhibited by the Duke of Edinburgh in the navy is known to every one; and in the Duke of Connaught the crown has contributed a thorough soldier to the English army.

—A friend of the late ANTHONY TROLLOPE writes of that novelist's strong affection for Ireland, in connection with the appearance of his last novel, *The Land Leaguers*. "Mr. TROLLOPE knew Ireland as few Englishmen have known her. So far as Irishmen can be understood, he understood them. But of Nationalist M. P.'s, of their patriotism, of their good intentions, he thought contemptuously. Captain YORKE CLAYTON speaks the writer's sentiments as well as his own when he says: 'I do believe that men become cowards when they are tempted to become liars by getting into Parliament.'"

—M. DE LESSEPS boasts that his family is Scotch; that in Scotland there are LESSEPS and LESSELS, but in France none of his own name besides himself and his numerous family; and that the Cathedral of Edinburgh was constructed by an architect named LESSEPS, who was one of his ancestors.

—Lord COLERIDGE is again on the bench, hard at work. In a recent case tried before him he propounded this conundrum: "If a man has a large house, and asks a number of his friends to a reading from Shakspeare by his family, does that make his house a place of public entertainment?"

—The first person who ever sent his friends a Christmas card is said to have been the late Sir HENRY COLE. Acting upon his suggestion, Mr. HORSLEY, the artist, designed a festive board of diners holding up their glasses to toast the spectator, the scene being flanked on right and left by two allegorical drawings representing alms-giving, and supported by the legend, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year to you!" It is doubtful, says a foreign writer, whether RAPHAEL or MICHAEL ANGELO, or an angel from heaven, could prepare a Christmas card without some apprenticeship. The design must have a directness which tells a plain story to a big, plain public. It must, further, be such as tells a seasonable story; and it must make due allowances for the short-comings and the possibilities and the tricks of color-printing. Thus it comes about that few designs, even from good artists, are accepted for ordinary reproduction by publishers. Plenty of English ladies of title work for the publishers of Christmas cards—baronesses, duchesses, and even princesses—and it is said that all of them look sharply after their gains.



THE AUTHORS' CARNIVAL, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 799.]

"ONLY MRS. FARQUHAR AND PAULINA WERE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM WHEN I ENTERED."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(*Continued.*)

LADY CONSTANCE MAKES A FINAL CONCESSION.

I then entered into a few details touching the peculiarities of Harry's position and the views which he entertained with regard to it; but these failed to move Lady Constance, who merely reiterated her conviction that my cousin was a scoundrel of a very perfect order.

"If you had only heard him!" she exclaimed. "He came to me with a thousand apologies—felt that he was taking a liberty which nothing but my generosity could excuse, and so forth, and so forth; but you had been so kind to him, and I had been so kind to him, and, in short, he would rather run the risk of offending me than that our joint lives should be spoiled through any misconception of the true facts of the case. Was it sheer mischief and spite, I wonder, or did he really think that he could profit in some way by our marriage?"

"I am quite sure he did not," said I.

"Don't be too sure. If it were worth investigating, I fancy we should find that there was a practical aim under all that emotion, though I confess I don't at present see what it could be. One can't help being a little amused at the fellow's impudence. Still, it was very nearly ending in a joke which we should have found it rather difficult to laugh at. I may admit that, now that it is all over."

"I suppose it is all over," said I, looking down at the carpet.

Lady Constance made no reply, and for some minutes there was silence between us. When I looked up, I saw that there was a red spot on each of her cheeks, and that she was twisting and turning the rings upon her fingers nervously. I drew a little nearer to her, and said:

"I wish I knew whether you really cared for me at all. If you do, I believe, upon my honor and conscience, that you would be happier married to me, a poor man, than to Mr. Sotheran or some other millionaire. I shall have a thousand a year—perhaps a little more, and you, I suppose, have something. You smile at the idea of marrying upon such a pittance; yet how many hundreds of people do it, and live decently enough? Ought you not to think again before you decide to turn me away?"

Lady Constance made no direct answer. "You don't plead very passionately," she remarked.

"Would it make any difference if I did?" asked I.

"Perhaps not; but it would lend an air of reality to the situation. You don't like me to laugh when you intimate that we might marry upon a thousand a year; but really, if you will think of it, it is much better to laugh a little, and the proposition is rather a funny one in itself. Do you know what my yearly dressmaker's bill amounts to? But never mind!—under the circumstances, we are not called upon to consider items. Just examine yourself strictly and honestly for a minute or two, and then tell me whether you are serious in suggesting that two such people as you and I should set up house upon a thousand a year, or even upon twice that amount."

I endeavored to comply with her request; but it was not so easy to say exactly what I thought. What I did say at last was: "The whole question depends upon the feeling that you may have for me. No one likes to be poor, yet there are worse things than poverty."

"When I first knew you," rejoined Lady Constance, "you had a simplicity of thought and speech which was very delightful; but I am afraid you are becoming corrupted. Your answer is nothing but a prevarication, and you know it."

"And you?" I returned, with some warmth, "are you so straightforward? I tried to give you as honest an answer as the case admits of; but you will give me no answer at all. Tell me at least one thing: do you intend to marry Mr. Sotheran?"

"As matters have fallen out, it is extremely probable that I shall," she replied.

"Then," cried I, "you are deliberately choosing a life which you know beforehand must be miserable! Is there no way of saving you?"

She shook her head. "None, I am afraid. But I will make one concession—a final one. If, within a few weeks' time, you are able to tell me that your uncle has dismissed his son, I, on my side, will dismiss Mr. Sotheran. I think that ought to satisfy you."

It was the old temptation; but I was no longer scared by it. The guidance of events had happily passed out of my hands, and I saw in Lady Constance's proposal only a means of gaining time and an enlarged field laid open to chance.

"Is that a bargain, then?" she asked, presently. "You shall write to me when you can speak positively as to the future. Or perhaps you had better see me. You know my cousins, the Fitzpatricks, do you not? I am going to stay with them in Yorkshire on the 10th of September, and you can join me there between that and the 15th."

"But they haven't asked me," I objected.

"I will manage that. Now I won't keep you any longer. Remember me to your cousin, and tell him what a genuine admiration I feel for his talents."

She rang the bell as she spoke; and in the presence of the grave Antonio, who immediately appeared, I could only bid her a formal farewell.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GENERAL USES STRONG LANGUAGE.

One of those fugitive shocks of surprise which make one doubt for an instant whether one is awake or asleep awaited me on my arrival at Thirlby Station. As the train drew up beside the platform I saw in the roadway outside an old gentleman on a bay horse, and by his side, on a Shetland pony, a little boy so exactly the counterpart of my former self that I was fain to rub my eyes with some faint expectation that he would presently vanish into thin air. But the little boy stood this test, and remained a visible, palpable personage, seated out there on his pony in the autumn sunshine. His nether limbs were clad in untanned leather leggings (how well I remembered those old leggings!); his left hand held his reins and a short hunting-crop; his right was resting upon his pony's crupper, as he leaned back to talk to his companion in an attitude which I myself had been wont to assume in days gone by. I used to think that this pose showed an easy familiarity with all the conditions of horsemanship: possibly my successor had formed a similar opinion.

"Jimmy and I have come to meet you, you see, Charley," said my uncle. And then, just for one moment, I felt a sharp twinge of jealousy. That Harry could never supplant me in the old man's affections I well knew; but somehow or other it had not struck me before that the boy might very well do so; and now, when I saw them together, I could not help saying to myself that this was a little more than I had bargained for.

"We thought you would rather ride than drive, and we have brought the brown cob for you," my uncle went on. He spoke very gently, and when I glanced up at him I saw an anxious, deprecating look in his kind old face. He just touched my shoulder with his hand, saying, "Jimmy is not such a good rider as you used to be." He had read my thoughts at once, and understanding what his were, I made haste to re-assure him by a nod.

Jimmy, who all this time had been gasping with eagerness to obtain a hearing, now burst forth into a clamorous welcome, which relieved the meeting of all its temporary awkwardness.

"Oh, Cousin Charley, I'm so awfully glad you've come! We shall have rare larks now. Bunce says I may go out shooting with you, if you'll let me, and I can ride first-rate; can't I, grandfather? Just look at this!"

And he administered a smart blow over the hind-quarters to his pony, who squealed and flung up his heels, the result being a considerable exhibition of daylight between Jimmy's person and his saddle. "I often make him do that," he said, complacently. "It gets one accustomed to the feeling, you know."

"But you mustn't thrash your pony without any reason, my boy," remonstrated my uncle.

"Oh, Lord bless your soul, *he* don't mind!" returned Jimmy; "he knows it's all fun. I say, Cousin Charley," he went on, "will you teach me how to jump? Grandfather said I wasn't to try till you came."

"All right," said I; "I'll give you some lessons. Canter on ahead now, and let us see how you sit."

We had ridden away from the station by this time, and I sent Jimmy on in front not so much in order to criticise his seat as to get the opportunity of saying a word or two to my uncle.

"He isn't a bad little chap, is he?" I began, as soon as the boy was out of ear-shot.

"He is a good boy and a plucky boy, thank God!" replied my uncle. "He seems to have associated with some odd companions, and he has picked up a few expressions which are hardly suited for the drawing-room; but he is so quick that I dare say he will soon learn the manners of civilized society. Shall we trot on after him now? I don't like him to be left quite alone."

It was evident that my uncle did not wish to be questioned. I forbore, therefore, to make any inquiries about Harry, and we pushed on toward the house, Jimmy undertaking the lion's share of the conversation.

As we approached, four persons strolled across the lawn to meet us. First came the General, then Mrs. Farquhar and Paulina, finally Harry, with his hands in his pockets, and a straw hat on the back of his head. All these, with the exception of Mrs. Farquhar, whose manner was cold and distant, welcomed me as cordially as I could have wished; but I had a disagreeable sensation of being treated like a guest in my own home, and I availed myself of the first pretext to slip away to the stables, where I was greeted with a silent and respectful sympathy scarcely less hard to bear than Mrs. Farquhar's politeness. Abdications would perhaps be more frequent if they did not almost necessarily imply exile.

I confess that I had some bitter thoughts to keep me company while I dressed for dinner. I loved Thirlby, as I suppose that every one must love the home of his childhood, and I had only just realized that Thirlby could never be my home any more. As long as my uncle lived, I should, no doubt, be free to use his house as my own; but it would not be in his power to give me the privileges of an heir-presumptive. An heir-apparent had replaced me. It was he who would henceforth give instructions to Bunce (not that Bunce ever obeyed instructions; but that was neither here nor there). It was he who would receive the neighbors—supposing always that the neighbors consented to receive him. It was to him that the tenants, the gardener, and the bailiff would address themselves with regard to those minor matters which had hitherto fallen within my province, while I must stand and look on. I am not, that I know of, less magnanimous than another;

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but I felt that such a state of things would be simply intolerable, and that the same roof could not long shelter Harry and me. I went downstairs, however, resolved to put a good face upon it, and to let no one detect the mortification of which I was very properly ashamed.

Only Mrs. Farquhar and Paulina were in the drawing-room when I entered. The latter, arrayed in a brilliant blue silk dinner dress, trimmed with Limerick lace, was sitting bolt-upright upon the edge of her chair and twirling her thumbs. Poor Paulina's hands were large and red, and the disproportionate amount of wrist characteristic of the lower middle class of Great Britain was rendered more conspicuous in her case by absence of bracelets or of any black velvet substitute for them. Mrs. Farquhar was evidently in the act of administering a lecture.

"My dear, you must allow me to tell you that it is a wife's duty to influence her husband for good. I'm not saying that I would force a man to attend service twice in the day against his will; but to walk up and down the high-road on Sunday morning with a shooting-coat on his back and a cigar in his mouth, while the people are coming out of church, is just indecent; and it is your duty to make him see it."

Paulina threw an appealing glance at me. "You tell her, sir—Charles, I mean," she said. "There's no use of me talking. I'm sure I've done my best with Harry; but if he won't go to church, he won't—and that's all about it."

I was preparing a little speech which should be pleasant to both parties, but before I could open my lips Mrs. Farquhar turned upon me with:

"Oh, I wouldn't expect *you* to advocate church-going. I'm told that you and your friends spend the Sunday in paying and receiving visits."

It struck me that, if I was to be badgered by Mrs. Farquhar all the evening, I might lose that aspect of serenity which I was anxious to maintain, and I thought perhaps it would be the best to take the bull by the horns without further delay; so I said: "Mrs. Farquhar, suppose we conclude a treaty of peace. You have carried your point, or your point has been carried without your aid; I am out of the running, and you will do no good to anybody by saying disagreeable things to me. I make you welcome to call me anything you like when my back is turned; but so long as I am in the room, let us be civil to one another. I am sure you are far too sensible to flog a dead horse."

This appeal was not, perhaps, couched in the most judicious possible terms; but it had the merit of putting the case plainly, and I think most people would have seen the advisability of avoiding needless bickerings. But Mrs. Farquhar was not like most people.

"The man's demented!" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "I never say disagreeable things to any one."

Paulina broke into a short, startling laugh, which she checked abruptly.

"What I have said of you," Mrs. Farquhar continued, with dignity, "I maintain to be true; and if you find it disagreeable, it must be because your own conscience accuses you. As a Christian woman I am bound to protest against Sunday visiting—"

"Quite right, quite right," struck in the General, who entered the room at this moment. "We have six days in the week for work and play, and we oughtn't to go poaching on the seventh."

"You remind me of the devil quoting Scripture, Tom," said Mrs. Farquhar, ungratefully. "I would rather see you practice than hear you preach."

"Well, well," muttered the General, looking rather disconcerted, "I'm afraid we're none of us what we ought to be. Charley, come and look at this clearing they have made in the shrubbery; I think it's an improvement." And, beckoning me toward the window, he whispered: "For goodness' sake, keep the peace, if you can. I've been feeling as if I was smoking in a powder-magazine ever since I came down here."

Harry joined us before I could ask for any explanation; but when we went in to dinner I was able to see for myself that the elements of an explosion were not lacking. During that long and most uncomfortable meal Mrs. Farquhar surpassed herself. Not one of us, except Harry, escaped attack; not one of us was suffered to make the most innocent remark without prompt and flat contradiction; and the luckless Paulina was snubbed and lectured after a fashion which Job himself would not have tolerated. What possessed the old lady to behave in this way I don't know. Perhaps she was beginning to perceive that her great scheme was not turning out a success; perhaps she merely wanted to stir up an argument; perhaps she was exasperated by the meekness with which we received her assaults.

It is probable that we should have been less meek if we had not felt that a spark would be sufficient to blow us all sky-high. Paulina was evidently controlling herself only by strenuous efforts, and of the men I declare I don't know which was the most ill at ease. The General's nervousness displayed itself by forced laughter and irrelevant anecdotes; my uncle's was apparent in total silence and loss of appetite; while Harry's took the most objectionable form of all. I had seen him in awkward situations before—as, for instance, at Lord Rossan's dinner table—and he had always extricated himself from them with perfect ease and *aplomb;* but now these useful qualities seemed to have quite deserted him, and he contrived to do everything that he ought not to have done. He talked too loudly; he asserted himself a great deal too much; he complained that the sherry was corked, and sent Cooper for a fresh bottle, to which, when it was brought, he devoted himself more assiduously than was prudent; and all the time he kept glancing furtively at his father, as if he half expected to be ordered out of the room. By the time that the ladies had left us he had worked himself up into a condition of pot-valiance which found expression in the most ill-judged familiarities, and at last he forgot himself so far as to ask me, with a wink, whether I had had "any news of her ladyship."

Shortly after this my uncle, who had not once looked at or spoken to his son, withdrew, and reappeared no more that evening; and when we reached the drawing-room we found that Paulina also had retired.

Neither Harry nor Paulina appeared at breakfast the next morning, and I devoutly hoped that the former might be suffering from a headache and a fit of repentance. His absence was a comfort, so far as it went; but we should have been a morose party had not Jimmy enlivened us with an amusing flow of babble. As soon as we had risen from the table he possessed himself of my arm, and requested to be taken out to shoot partridges forthwith; but the General interposed.

"No," said he; "I want your cousin Charley to take a walk with me this morning; afterward you can do what you like with him."

"All right," answered the boy; "then I shall go out with grandfather."

The General and I walked across the dewy lawn in silence; but when we were out in the park, and beyond risk of being overheard, my companion took up his parable. "Well, of all the infernal schemes that ever were hatched for turning things topsy-turvy, this strikes me as being the most uncalled-for! What do you expect to be the result of it?—that's what I want to know."

I confessed that I was in some doubt as to how it would all end.

"You ought never to have allowed it to begin!" cried the General, peevishly. "What's the good of you, if you can't make yourself heard on the side of order? I'm devilish sorry for you, Charley; but it seems to me that you have brought this upon yourself, and I tell you plainly I don't think you'll ever be squire of this parish now."

"I don't expect to be," answered I; "and, except for one or two reasons, I don't wish to be. I should be very well contented if Harry would only behave himself."

"Behave himself!—he'll behave himself as he always has done. Do you suppose his father didn't know what he was about when he turned him out-of-doors? He'll make ducks and drakes of the property as soon as he comes into it; and he won't have long to wait either; for he is killing my poor brother by inches."

"I hope not," said I.

"It's all very well for you to say you hope not," retorted the General; "but hoping till you're black in the face won't alter the fact. Some men might manage to put up with vulgarity and insolence on one side and everlasting nagging on the other—I might put up with it, or rather I should precious soon put a stop to it. But Bernard isn't made of that sort of stuff. He'll go on suffering in silence until one of these fine mornings he is found dead in his bed. It's—it's enough to make a man swear, by George!"

And the General proceeded to illustrate his assertion amply and satisfactorily.

For my own part, I should have been glad to get away and hear what my uncle had to say; but I was not allowed to return to the house before two o'clock, by which time the whole party was assembled in the dining-room for luncheon.

Harry, looking pale and downcast, was more like himself and a great deal less obnoxious than he had been on the previous evening. Paulina, on the other hand, was flushed and excited. The cause of this uneasiness upon her part explained itself to me when it transpired that we were all to attend a garden party at the Welbys' that afternoon. From various hints that were dropped I conjectured that this was the first public recognition of Harry and his wife vouchsafed by the county, and my surmise was converted into certainty by my uncle's whispering to me, as we left the room after luncheon: "I hope you won't mind being present at this function, Charley. I mean to go myself."

Now, as my uncle had not been seen at a garden party within the memory of man, it was safe to conclude that the present occasion was no ordinary one, and I could only trust—though without any sanguine expectations—that we might all come out of the ordeal creditably.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PAULINA ENTERS SOCIETY.

A GARDEN PARTY nowadays is only another name for a lawn-tennis party, and has developed—so far as a mere on-looker can judge—into a form of entertainment rather popular than otherwise. But thirty years ago there were no such relaxations to mitigate the severity of the out-door gatherings held periodically by Sir Digby and Lady Welby, and when the nobility and gentry of East Norfolk met together in the grounds of Stanningham Hall, there was literally nothing for them to do but to sit or stand in groups on the lawn and survey one another patiently.

From time to time Sir Digby would approach one of the most important ladies of the district, and would say to her in a low, confidential voice, "I want to show you my *Lapageria alba*," whereupon the two would pace gravely away together toward the conservatory in which the exotic referred to was to be admired. The lady would generally return alone, and after a decent interval Sir Digby would be seen bearing down upon the matron next in rank, whom he would address in precisely identical terms. As a matter of fact, he neither knew nor cared anything about horticulture, but probably he had a hazy notion that some attention ought to be shown to people, and in a moment of inspiration he had hit upon the above formula, which served him faithfully through many seasons.

The thought of Paulina making her début upon that solemn scene gave me a cold shiver all up my back, and when she entered the drawing-room, ready to start, with a flushed face, a Stuart-tartan gown, and a pair of yellow gloves much too small for her, I basely thanked my stars that there would be no room for me in the carriage, and that therefore I should be spared the agony of witnessing the sensation which her first appearance would cause.

She herself appeared to be in unaccountably high spirits, and was talking and laughing loudly; but Harry looked the picture of misery, and my uncle, though maintaining a calm exterior, was evidently apprehensive. Mrs. Farquhar wore a resolute air. I fancied that she proposed to carry off things with a high hand.

Presently they all drove away together in the old green barouche, Paulina's nodding plumes towering above the head of her protectress, and my uncle and Harry sitting with their backs to the horses; and as soon as they were gone, the General and I, who had watched their departure from the door-step, looked at one another and burst into hysterical laughter.

"There's nothing to crack your sides over in this, you know, Charley," remonstrated the General, recovering his gravity, as we set off to take the short-cut across the fields. "We shall be laughing on the wrong side of our mouths before the day is over, unless I'm very much mistaken."

It seemed quite upon the cards that we might. Stanningham is a good two miles from Thirlby, and by loitering and pretending to mistake the way, one may occupy a considerable time in walking two miles; but we reached the lodge all too soon, and here my companion, in the shabbiest way, declared his intention of deserting me.

"Can't help it," he said, in answer to my upbraidings. "Call me a coward, if you like; but not another step do I go, and that's flat! I may be wrong; but the way in which that Paulina woman was going on before she started inspired me with the gravest alarm."

"She was flurried," I observed, "and no wonder. But I think we may count upon her being awed into silence very soon after her arrival."

The General shook his head. "I doubt it," said he. "Shall I tell you what I think?" he added, bending forward, and speaking in low, impressive accents. "*I believe she's intoxicated!*"

And with this awful suggestion he turned and fled precipitately.

I walked on, with a sinking sensation about the fourth button of my waistcoat. I did not myself share the General's scandalous suspicions, but I thought it quite possible that others, remarking Paulina's heightened color and excited mien, might do so, and I knew that in no case could she hope to be met in a spirit of friendliness.

When I emerged upon the lawn where the company was assembled, my worst anticipations were realized. Paulina, seated upon a garden-chair in a conspicuous position, was surrounded by an irregular semicircle of grave, impassive ladies, who were surveying her much as if she had been some newly imported variety of wild beast. What she had been saying or doing before my arrival I could only surmise, but there was no mistaking the fact that she had been sent to Coventry. She was now beating the ground impatiently with her foot, while in her eyes there gleamed the light of battle. From a short distance off, Harry, also completely isolated, was gazing at her with a look of stony horror upon his face. I perceived that, if the worst had not already happened, it was going to happen shortly.

My own appearance upon the scene gave the signal for a demonstration which greatly astonished me, until I realized what it meant. No sooner had I advanced from behind the clump of rhododendrons which had masked my preliminary reconnaissance than the entire company, as if by one consent, jumped up and marched upon me in a solid mass. There was a positive rush to shake me by the hand; I was overwhelmed with the kindest expressions of welcome; I was asked to dinner a dozen times in the space of less than five minutes. Gradually the signification of these generous greetings unfolded itself to me. Out of respect for my uncle, East Norfolk had consented to meet Mr. and Mrs. Harry Le Marchant, but they were not to be spoken to. A firm and united protest was to be entered against their restoration; and I, as the heir whom they had ousted, was to be made the subject of a distinct exhibition of sympathy.

I understood this, I say; but human nature is ever prone to self-love, and I will not deny that the sight of so many friendly faces and the sound of so many friendly words raised me for a minute or two almost up to the point of oblivion. But, chancing to meet my uncle's eyes, which were turned upon me with a certain look of grave regret, and catching sight immediately afterward of Paulina glaring at me from the background, I awoke to the fact that I was playing the enemy's game, and determined upon making one last despairing attempt to avert defeat.

I detached myself from my friends, and approached Sir Digby Welby, who was standing apart, stroking his long nose, and doubtless meditating one of his periodical descents into the ladies' camp. He, like the others, received me with a double dose of cordiality, holding my hand and shaking it at intervals, while he expressed the pleasure that it gave him to see me amongst them again.

"I deplore this resolution of your poor uncle's," he began. "Although we have been friends for many years, I could not take upon me to tell him what I thought; but I very much fear that he is making a great mistake. I assure you that it went to my heart to purchase the Deepham farm from him, often as I have coveted that corner of land."

"As far as I know, that had nothing whatever to do with my cousin's return," said I. "At all events, he is here now, and I am sure that, for my uncle's sake, you will stretch a point to make his position tolerable."

"Oh, certainly," answered Sir Digby, with a touch of coldness; "but I confess that I hardly see—"

"Yes, I know you have invited them here, and that was very kind of you; but it would be very easy to do a little more. Don't you think, Sir Digby," I added, persuasively, "that you might just step across the lawn and say a word or two to Mrs. Le Marchant?"

"Well, well," replied the worthy baronet, not unkindly, "I will endeavor to find some subject of conversation. But really it won't do—it will never do. And the sooner your uncle understands that, the less vexation he will have."

Sir Digby, in fulfillment of his promise, crossed the grass toward Paulina's chair with a slow, dignified step, I following him at a respectful distance.

"I want to show you my *Lapageria alba*," I heard him begin.

"Your *what?*" called out that misguided Paulina, accompanying her question with a short laugh.

"My *Lapageria alba*. If you will allow me to lead the way—"

"Oh, all right!" interrupted Paulina, jumping up with ostentatious alacrity, and speaking very loud. "I don't know what you are talking about, but I'm willing to look at anything, I'm sure. About time, too, after being looked at myself for the best part of an hour!"

I began to think that Sir Digby was right, and that it really would never do. When the ill-matched couple had vanished into the conservatory, I drew a long breath of relief, feeling that, at any rate, the danger of some painful scene had been staved off, and I was debating whether I ought not to join Harry, who had now taken refuge upon a distant bench, when I was accosted by Mr. Dennison.

The Rector's countenance wore an expression of the deepest concern. He said he had come to humble himself before me, and to confess the folly of his past conduct. "Father and son, you see—that's the way I looked at it—such a sad pity that they should be divided! How was I to know that the fellow had gone and married a bar-maid? Dear! dear! what a bad job! The neighbors all turning up their noses, too—and troubles at home—sure to be troubles at home! If I could only have foreseen this I would have bitten out my tongue sooner than advise Le Marchant as I did."

I assured the Rector that he might set his mind quite at rest. "Whatever your advice may have been, it was well meant," I said; "but I am perfectly certain that neither your advice nor any one else's has been taken. My uncle has yielded to circumstances, not to the advocacy of his friends. As to the neighbors turning up their noses, he must have been fully prepared for that. He told me long ago that they would never consent to receive Harry again."

"Yes, yes," returned the Rector, who perhaps did not relish being told that his counsel carried so little weight; "but being prepared for a thing is not liking it when it comes. I am prepared to be bullied by Mrs. Farquhar and the Ebenezer man, but their attacks interfere with my digestion all the same. I say, Charley, do you think it is too late to undo all this mischief?"

"I am sure it is," I answered. "You don't understand that my uncle has never really changed his mind; and he won't change it now, unless some positive catastrophe occurs."

"Then," cried the Rector, "let us pray for a positive catastrophe! You take it all in a very creditable spirit, Charley," he went on; "but, at the same time, I think you are a little too supine—too supine. You must see that Le Marchant can't possibly live in the same house with these people—perpetual quarrels and disturbances, you know, scandals too, very likely—oh, dear me, it's not to be thought of! I say, you ought to get them away, by hook or by crook. Let Harry be the heir, if he must be the heir; but at least let him hide himself out of sight till his time comes."

I was very much of the Rector's way of thinking; but I didn't see why the burden of carrying out his ideas should be thrown upon my shoulders in that jaunty manner, and I said I should be much obliged if he would kindly tell me how I was to accomplish Harry's expulsion.

"Oh, that I can't say," he replied; "but you ought to be able to manage it somehow. It's a question of money, I should think; the fellow will take a bribe to make himself scarce. But these are matters which women can judge of better than we can. Why don't you talk it over with Maud? Here she comes, and I know she wants to discuss things with you. Just wait here half a minute; I'll be with you again directly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DANCE OF THE CROW INDIANS.

OF all the Northwestern tribes of this continent, the Absarokas, or Crows, have distinguished themselves by their unchanging friendship to the white race, whose allies they have been in the frequent wars which the tribes of the Sioux confederation have waged against its progress in the far West. Comparatively few in numbers, the Crows have had an almost incessant struggle for existence amidst their fiercer and more powerful neighbors. Not a single instance is known in which a Crow Indian has ever killed a white man, and their bravery and fidelity are highly praised by the many officers who had them attached to their commands as scouts during the Sioux campaigns.

The Northern Pacific Railway crosses their reservation, which lies on the Upper Yellowstone, under the shadows of the Belt Range of the Rockies, and when the excursion which formally opened the road passed through their domain, the Crows celebrated the occasion by a series of "grass" dances, which were the most picturesque

episode of that notable journey. Never had the extremes and highest types of savage and civilized life been brought together as on this unique occasion, when the dandified habitués of Pall Mall and spectacled German "Philistine" elbowed the painted warriors of the plains. The lurid light of the camp fires, deafening drum-beat, jingling bells of the dancers, and weird monotonous chant of the singers were echoed by the whistle of the locomotives as the excursion trains successively drew up. Great was the desire to secure mementos of the event amongst the foreign guests, and the untutored children of the desert sold the brass ornaments and bracelets which the President of the railroad had given them in the afternoon at a handsome advance over the original cost of the same. As the transatlantic guests are probably ignorant to this day of the fact of their distribution, the desire for souvenirs was gratified, and the Crows retired to their tepees with many shining silver dollars in their pouches.

ROBIN, DEAR ROBIN!

I.

Robin, dear Robin, could you come back to me,
Back to the hame you'll never mair see,
Could you sit down at evening and crack wi' me,
Oh, what a proud, happy woman I'd be!
On the white hearth the fire should burn clearly,
Nothing of comfort or rest you should lack,
And I would always be kindly and cheery,
Could you come back to me—could you come back.

II.

Oh, Robin, Robin, I've miss'd you fu' sairly,
Morning, and evening, and a' the day long;
Many have treated me unca unfairly:
O for your arm so tender and strong!
If once again in your love I could hide me,
Little I'd care though all else I should lack;
Sairly I'm needing your wisdom to guide me:
Oh, my lost darling, if you could come back!

III.

Never again with frowns would I greet you;
Never again to your love be unkind;
Ever with kisses and smiles I would meet you:
Oh, in the days that are gone I was blind!
Oh, I was selfish, and foolish, and fretful,
Now I remember—remember in vain;
But I would never be cross or forgetful,
Could you come back to me, darling, again!

IV.

No, you will never come back to me—never!
But I shall come to you, Robin, some day.
Then you will ken a' my loving endeavor,
Just to grow better since you went away.
Yes, you will ken, in that happy to-morrow,
I hae been true to you, darling—sae true!
Asked my heart always, in joy or in sorrow,
"Will it please Robin, the thing that I do?"

V.

Oh, in that wonderfu', wonderfu' meeting,
What shall I say to him? what will he say?
We shallna weary life's story repeating,
Seeing the end o' the sorrowfu' way.
With such a hope, then, how could I say truly,
"Robin, dear Robin, come back unto me!"
Heart, answer the thought sae wild and unruly,
"Robin, dear Robin, I shall come unto Thee!"

A CARNIVAL OF AUTHORS.

"The biggest and most varied entertainment Hartford has ever had," to quote from a reportorial eye-witness, was the Carnival of Authors, which began in that city on the 3d of December. Authors have undoubtedly held many "carnivals," both public and more or less private, but this carnival was something else. Several hundred men and women, boys and girls, each dressed to represent some hero or heroine of modern literature—prince, peasant, milkmaid, knave, shepherdess, lord, or nun—gathered in the Union Armory, on Elm Street, and after marching in triumphal procession twice across the stage, proceeded to organize a series of brilliant tableaux. Sir Walter Scott, in a comfortable arm-chair, eyed nonchalantly the successive appearance in flesh and blood of the principal personages he had contributed to fiction, who, after bowing in turn before him, grouped themselves picturesquely around him. This took place on the main stage, and afterward five tableaux were presented in separate booths, the subjects exemplified being cartoons from *Punch*, and scenes from Tennyson, *Mother Goose*, Dickens, the *Arabian Nights*, and *Faust*. So pleased were the spectators that many of them spoiled their pleasure by entertaining a fear that they had received too much for their money. The carnival was repeated every night for a week, in aid of a deserving charity.

FOREST PROTECTION.

The condition of the Hudson, the Mohawk, and other streams of Northern New York during the past summer and autumn has fixed public attention in a forcible manner upon the necessity for taking some steps to secure the permanency of these streams.

The water in the rivers of New York has been unprecedentedly low since midsummer. This is due, in part, to the severe drought which has visited the northern part of the State. But, severe as the drought was, it can not be held entirely responsible for the lack of water in the rivers. Droughts as severe and protracted as that of 1883 have occurred in previous seasons, but never before have they been followed by such disastrous results. The causes which have produced these changes in the condition of the rivers must rather be traced to the gradual destruction of the forests which covered the whole northern part of the State with one unbroken sheet of verdure, serving as a vast reservoir for the moisture it received from the clouds, than to any general diminution of the amount of precipitation.

Regions from which the forest has been stripped lose much of the benefit of a copious rain-fall. The water is wasted by evaporation, or suddenly poured into streams and lost in the ocean. The forest prevents this, and long holds moisture in its deep vegetable mould, giving it off gradually throughout the year to springs and streams. Forest preservation, therefore, means something more than the protection of growing timber, essential as timber is to our national prosperity. It means, besides this, the protection of all the springs and brooks which supply agriculture with moisture and feed the great rivers. If the forests of the country are allowed to perish, as they are destined to perish unless vigorous measures shall be taken to prevent it, agriculture will suffer, manufactures will languish for want of power, and the great internal waterways of the continent will be rendered useless for commercial interchanges. It will indeed be a sad commentary upon the folly, cupidity, and selfishness of the American nation if we allow the magnificent forests, once unequalled in variety, beauty, and density by those of any other part of the globe, to perish before a quarter of our land is peopled, and their real importance is fully felt. America must soon experience the calamities from which China has suffered during centuries through the destruction of the forests which once extended over her seaboard provinces, and which Europe has experienced from the destruction of the forests of the Alps, the Carpathians, and the Pyrenees, if the forests about the head-waters of our streams are allowed to disappear. Every one has a motive for preserving such portions of our forests as are necessary to furnish moisture to our farms and water to our rivers and factories, for every one will feel the effects, directly or indirectly, of any injury to the agricultural, commercial, or industrial interests of the country.

In New York the threatened destruction of the Adirondack forests will be most injurious to the State and to this city. The great plateau which lies about the Adirondack region, from the nature of its light and sandy soil, is unfit for agriculture or grazing. The climate of this region is cold and inhospitable. It can never be thickly settled, and possesses no value except in the forests which cover it. These forests, from the stand-point of the lumberman, are not of any great value, and yet it is doubtful if any forest of similar extent is so valuable to the human race. This forest, extending over only a few million acres, regulates the commerce of a great nation. It has built up great cities, and has established upon this island one of the great commercial centres of the world. The Hudson River and the Erie Canal regulate and determine the most important traffic of this country; they have made this city what it now is, and many prosperous cities owe to them their origin. The Hudson River and the Erie Canal owe their existence, such as they are to-day, to the Adirondack forests. If these perish, New York can not long maintain its commercial importance, for, the upper Hudson no longer navigable, and the Erie Canal deprived of its water supply, commerce will seek new channels.

It will be the duty of the next Legislature to consider what can be done to preserve these forests, and avert the dangers which their destruction will bring upon this State. It should act liberally, intelligently, and quickly. New York can well set an example to the rest of the country in forest preservation. No other State can more surely and speedily benefit by it.

THE BARTHOLDI EXHIBITION.

Americans are proverbially gallant. Yet it must be admitted that they have treated the Goddess of Liberty, who came over here with a letter of introduction from a friendly nation, rather shabbily. The trouble about her reception no doubt arose from the fact that it was difficult to determine just who should receive her, and bear the expenses of establishing her on a permanent footing. New-Yorkers thought that the whole country should share in these expenses, because the Goddess of Liberty was presented by France, not to New York alone, but to the United States. But as she was to stand in New York Harbor, the country at large objected to paying for the beautifying of our already beautiful water approach. Now, however, that the responsibility has fallen plumb upon New York, most zealous efforts are making to secure a fund for the pedestal upon which the great statue is to stand.

It was suggested that much if not all the money needed might be raised by a loan exhibition, and, the idea seeming feasible, a number of ladies in society were enlisted in the laudable undertaking of procuring interesting articles for a loan exhibition at the Academy of Design. Society ladies, when their interest is once awakened, can work with surprising energy. Therefore it is not extraordinary that within a comparatively brief period the various committees succeeded in gathering in a large number of attractive features. While each of the numerous committees worked independently, some sort of system was maintained under the supervision of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. It must also be said, to the credit of the men who were on certain committees, that they gave much valuable time and labor to their task. It is generally believed, for instance, that Messrs. Chase, Beckwith, and others who had the collection of paintings in charge found their task easy; that they merely had to ask to obtain all the pictures they needed. But the owner of a picture, the value of which runs into the thousands, will always hesitate before letting it be taken from his gallery. It may, it is true, be insured for the very price he paid for it, but, after all, money can never measure the value of the substantiation of a beautiful idea. For a beautiful idea is unique, while one dollar is like another. Therefore the collection of paintings at the Bartholdi exhibition, which includes a masterpiece of Corot and other famous works, is the result of much labor, discrimination, and diplomacy on the part of the committee.

It is easy to fancy that Messrs. Leavitt and others on the committee of costumes had a difficult task. They were after characteristic costumes of various nations and old costumes. There are plenty of representatives of other nationalities in the cosmopolitan population of New York, but a foreigner's characteristics, especially those of dress, are soon absorbed here. To obtain old costumes was still more difficult. In a society like ours, where ancestry goes for little, and mere wealth will sooner or later lift a family into the first social rank, it is not easy to find people who would view with pride the costumes of their grandfather or grandmother, or those even of a nearer generation. Yet by much untiring investigation some people were found with ancestors who were not bought like those of the Major-General in *The Pirates of Penzance*, and the exhibition of colonial fashions was perhaps the best evidence of the zeal with which this committee went to work. The costumes, all told, numbered about one hundred and twenty—not a large number, but intelligently arranged so as to bring the various national characteristics into most striking contrast.

Perhaps no subject has appealed so strongly to the ingenuity of men as the most effective method of killing one another from a distance. Therefore the fine collection of guns is not unexpected. There are also other paraphernalia of war, all arranged so as to show the special and peculiar part each plays in the taking off of mankind. Whoever sees this collection will lose some of his faith in the Malthusian theory of overpopulation.

Among the musical instruments I missed the spinet upon which Mozart played when he was in Paris. This instrument is in this city, and could easily have been obtained. Some of the violins are, however, very fine and valuable, as several are by the most renowned Italian makers. There are also glittering heaps of fabrics, delicately decorated fans, costly china, coins, miniatures, and other articles worthy of study. For itself as much as for its worthy object, the Bartholdi exhibition should prove a financial success.

G. K.

POE'S LAST RESIDENCE.

There was a spirit of revolt in Edgar Allan Poe which refused to accept whatever had established itself, and a spirit of unrest which drove him from place to place. He lived at different times in Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, but at no time did he live long in either city: he pitched his tent in all, but he had in none an abiding home. He migrated to New York twice, once in the winter or spring of 1837, and again in the summer or fall of 1844. During his first residence here he wrote "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym"; during his last he wrote "The Raven." The reputation that "The Raven" made for him was the opportunity of his life, if he could only have known it, and could only have been wise enough to embrace it. It may be that he did know it, for he was not lacking in shrewdness; what he lacked was the wisdom that uses knowledge as the stepping-stone to prosperity. He was possessed by the imp of the perverse, which assailed him in a thirst for strong drink, and in an inordinate belief in his own powers. The world had not accepted him at his own valuation, and that disappointed him: it had accepted lesser men, however, at a greater valuation, and that angered him. He would right himself, even if he had to pull down others, and, in his disordered way of thinking, the best way to right himself was to pull down others. He had a talent for analysis, and he called it criticism; he had also a talent for abuse, and he called that criticism. It was the rock on which he always wrecked his fortunes, and never so completely as during his second residence in New York, first as the editor of the *Broadway Journal*, and later as the concocter of the personal sketches entitled "The Literati."

Everybody respected the author of "The Raven," but nobody respected the writer of these scurrilities. He lost caste by them, he lost friends by them, and he lost employment by them. Fallen upon evil days of his own making, he concluded to turn his back upon New York, and early in the summer of 1846 removed himself and his small belongings to Fordham, Westchester County. He hired a little two-story cottage at the top of a hill, with an acre or more of greensward fenced in about it, and a number of grand old cherry-trees in the yard that threw a massive shade upon the front piazza. "So neat, so poor, so unfurnished, and yet so charming a dwelling I never saw. The floor of the kitchen was white as wheaten flour. A table, a chair, and a little stove that it contained seemed to furnish it completely. The sitting-room floor was laid with check matting; four chairs, a light stand, and a hanging book-shelf composed its furniture. There were pretty presentation copies on the little shelves, and the Brownings had posts of honor on the stand." So wrote a lady who made a visit to Poe's cottage shortly after his removal to Fordham. From those who knew him at this time we learn that his habits were more regular than they had been in New York. An early riser, he was fond of taking long strolls in the morning, chiefly in the neighborhood of the High Bridge, upon which he was accustomed to pace at all hours of the day and night. There was a ledge of rocky ground near his cottage, crowned with pines and cedars, which commanded a fine view of the scenery about, and which he loved on that account. Such was the external life of Poe as his friends knew it. Of his internal life—his life at the little cottage with his delicate, sick wife and her devoted mother—they knew nothing. They guessed what it was, however, one day when a New York journal startled them with the melancholy tidings that this poor lady and her gifted husband were both dangerously ill, and so far reduced (the statement ran) as to be barely able to obtain the necessaries of life.

One of the first to relieve the wants of Poe and his family was the lady already referred to, who hastened at once to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Poe. "There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet." The evil days of Poe's making were lightened by the benefactions of his friends and well-wishers, but the evil days of nature's making—the awful last days of a failing life—were not to be lightened by any power on earth. Virginia Eliza Poe passed away on Saturday, January 30, 1847, and was buried three days later in an old family vault in the Reformed church at Fordham. Married in her fourteenth year, and dead in her twenty-fifth year,

"her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many."

A darker shadow than was thrown by the Raven upon his floor was upon the soul of Poe, and it was never lifted from it. Poor always, he was poorer now, and never voluminous or rapid, he wrote but little, and with great difficulty. The hand that once penned "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," and "William Wilson," now penned "Eureka"; the genius that once inspired "The Raven," now inspired "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee." But write what he might, he was still the author of "The Raven." His chief claim to distinction during his lifetime, "The Raven," will long preserve his memory, and with it the memory of the great artist who spent the last years of his life in illustrating it. Edgar Allan Poe has won the fame he coveted:

"And so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

R. H. Stoddard.

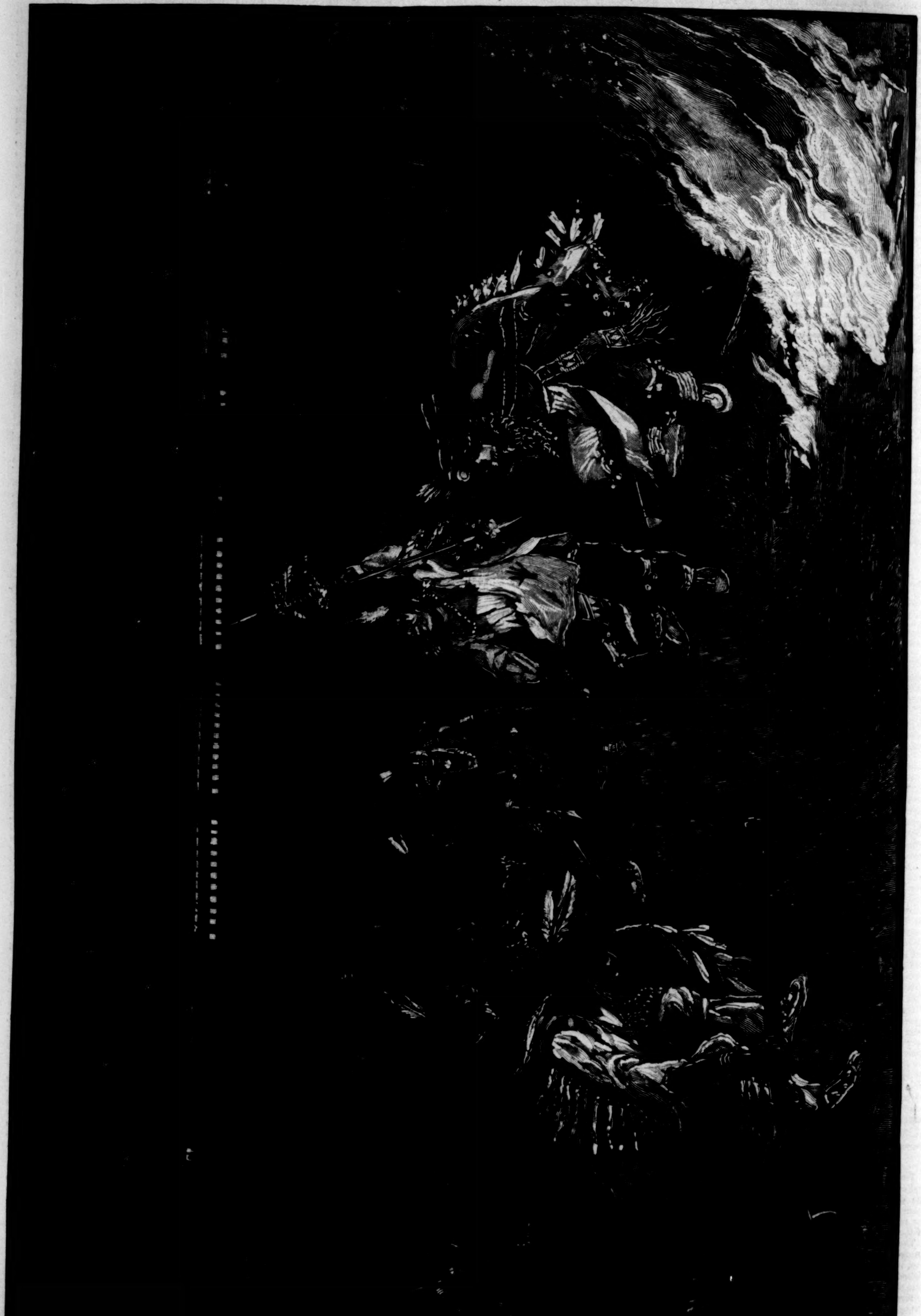
ELECTRICITY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

When the student in any branch of engineering is first ushered into the presence of abstruse theory he is apt to find great difficulty in making himself master of the subject, for the reason that he fails to see the practical application of many of the principles laid down. This difficulty would be in great measure removed if there were more such works as that of Lieutenant Fiske—*Electricity and Electrical Engineering* (New York, D. Van Nostrand, publisher)—which, while giving briefly and clearly the elementary principles of both static and dynamic electricity, leads the reader easily and logically from the x, y, and z of the subject to the practical applications. "It is through the medium of magnetism," says the writer, "that the principal applications of electricity are made in the arts." Following out this idea, the first chapter of the work is an explanation of the laws and phenomena of magnetism, together with a description of the methods and the apparatus used in preparing magnets, and in measuring the force of the attraction exerted by them. Then follow chapters on frictional electricity, on work and potential, voltaic batteries, etc., etc. In these are given clear statements of the laws governing the various phenomena, and the experiments by means of which they may be verified, so that the reader is well prepared to take up the more complex portions of the subject that follow in the chapters on "Laws of Currents," "Thermo-Electricity," "Induction Currents," and "Electro-Magnetism."

The pages containing descriptions of storage batteries are of great interest and practical value to the student, since they contain a list, with illustrations, of the leading patents relating to the subject. Under the heading of "Electrical Measurements," the author gives a very clear idea of the principles and practice of this branch of electrical work, describing the different instruments and methods used for the purpose.

We then come to the practical applications of all of the fundamental laws of electricity in the chapters relating to the telegraph, telephone, dynamo machine, electric railway, etc. The various telegraph systems are described, and the difficulty of induction in long lines clearly elucidated. The telephones of Reiss and Bell, and the curious motograph receiver of Edison, are also illustrated and explained.

The theory of the action of the "dynamo" is very clearly stated. The chapters relating to transmission and distribution of power, and to electric motors and their applications to the electric railway, are of the greatest interest, for the reason that the subject is here not only considered as a scientific novelty, but also from a commercial stand-point. Lieutenant Fiske's work forms a very happy connecting link between theory and practice, and while it is certain to be a great aid to the student of electrical engineering in showing him the breadth of the subject, it can not fail to be of immense interest to the general reader as giving, in such language as to be easily understood by all, the principles upon which depend the many applications of electricity which we meet in our daily walks. The work is profusely illustrated with diagrams, plans, and careful engravings of machinery.



A DANCE OF CROW INDIANS.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 798.]

A TRAMP AND HIS DEEDS.
Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 803.]

HOW WE FOUGHT THE FIRE.

By WILL CARLETON.

[See Illustration on Front Page.]

I.

'Twas a drowsy night on Tompkins Hill:
The very leaves of the trees lay still;
The world was slumbering ocean-deep;
And even the stars seemed half asleep,
And winked and blinked at the roofs below,
As yearning for morn, that they might go;
The streets as stolid and still did lie
As they would have done if streets could die;
The sidewalks stretched as quietly prone
As if a foot they had never known;
And not a cottage within the town
But looked as if it would fain lie down.
Away in the west a stacken-cloud,
With white arms drooping and bare head bowed,
Was leaning against—with drowsy eye—
The dark blue velveting of the sky.
And that was the plight
Things were in that night,
Before we were roused the foe to fight—
The foe so greedy and grand and bright—
That plagued old Deacon Tompkins.

II.

The Deacon lay on his first wife's bed,
His second wife's pillow beneath his head,
His third wife's coverlet o'er him wide,
His fourth wife slumbering by his side.
The parson visioned his Sunday's text,
And what he should hurl at Satan next;
The doctor a drowsy half-vigil kept,
Still studying, as he partly slept,
How men might glutton, and tope, and fly
In the face of Death, and still not die;
The lawyer dreamed that his clients meant
To club together, and then present,
As proof that their faith had not grown dim,
A small bright silver hatchet to him;
The laborer such sound slumber knew,
He hadn't a dream the whole night through;
The ladies dreamed—but I can't say well
What 'tis they dream, for they never tell;
In short, such a general drowsy time
Had ne'er been known in that sleepy clime,
As on the night
Of clamor and fright,
We were roused the treacherous foe to fight—
The foe so greedy and grand and bright,
And carrying such an appetite—
That plagued old Deacon Tompkins.

III.

When all at once the old court-house bell
(Which had a voice like a maniac's yell)
Cried out, as if in its dim old sight
The judgment day had come in the night.
"Bang whang whang bang clang dang bang whang,"
The poor old parcel of metal sang;
Whereat, from mansion, cottage, and shed,
Rose men and women as from the dead,
In different stages of attire,
And shouted, "The town is all afire!"
(Which came as near to being true
As some more leisurely stories do.)
They saw on the Deacon's house a glare,
And everybody hurried there;
And such a lot of visitors he
Had never before the luck to see.
The Deacon received these guests of night
In costume very simple and white;
And after a drowsy, scared "Ahem!"
He asked them what he could do for them.
"Fire! fire!" they shouted; "your house's afire!"
And then, with energy sudden and dire,
They rushed through the mansion's solitudes,
And helped the Deacon to move his goods.
And that was the sight
We had that night,
When roused by the people who saw the light
Atop of the residence, cozy and white,
Where lived old Deacon Tompkins.

IV.

Ah me! the way that they rummaged round!
Ah me! the startling things they found!
No one with a fair idea of space
Would ever have thought that in one place
Were half the things that, with a shout,
These neighborly burglars hustled out.
Came articles that the Deacon's wives
Had all been gathering all their lives;
Came furniture such as one might see
Didn't grow in the trunk of every tree;
A tall clock, centuries old, 'twas said,
Leaped out of a window, heels o'er head;
A veteran chair, in which, when new,
George Washington sat for a minute or two;
A bedstead strong, as if in its lap
Old Time might take his terminal nap;
Dishes, that in meals long agone
The Deacon's fathers had eaten on;
Clothes, made of every cut and hue,
That couldn't remember when they were new;
A mirror, scathless many a day,
Was promptly smashed in the regular way;
Old shoes enough, if properly thrown,
To bring good luck to all creatures known;
And children thirteen, more or less,
In varying plenitude of dress.
And that was the sight
We had that night,
When roused, the terrible foe to fight,
Which blazed aloft to a moderate height,
And turned the cheeks of the timid white,
Including Deacon Tompkins.

V.

Lo! where the engines, reeking hot,
Dashed up to the interesting spot:
Came Number Two, "The City's Hope,"
Propelled by a line of men and rope;
And after them, on a spiteful run,
"The Ocean Billows," or Number One.
And soon the two, induced to "play"
By a hundred hands, were working away,
Until, to the Deacon's flustered sight,
As he danced about in his robe of white,
It seemed as if, by the hand of Fate,
House-cleaning day were some two years late,
And with complete though late success,
Had just arrived by the night express.
The "Ocean Billows" were at high tide,
And flung their spray upon every side;
The "City's Hope" were in perfect trim,
Preventing aught like an interim;
And a "Hook-and-Ladder Company" came,
With hooks and poles and a long hard name,
And with an iconoclastic frown,
Were about to pull the whole thing down,
When some one raised the assuring shout,
"It's only the chimney a-burnin' out!"
Whereat, with a sense of injured trust,
The crowd went home in complete disgust.
Scarce one of those who, with joyous shout,
Assisted the Deacon in moving out,
Refrained from the homeward-flowing din,
To help the Deacon at moving in.
And that was the plight
In which, that night,
They left the Deacon, clad in white,
Who felt he was hardly treated right,
And used some words, in the flickering light,
Not orthodox in their purport quite—
Poor, put-out Deacon Tompkins!

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

Lorenz hesitated—he was warmly attached to Frau Herber, but it was to him simply impossible that this young, lovely girl should remain in Freitenberg to fall into the hands of French soldiers. Of what use would his protection be against a band of brutal ruffians? He stood thinking. All the friends on whom he could have relied for help had by this time left the city; besides, they dwelt either in the Herren-Gasse or in the main thoroughfares, and as the houses along this street and the rich-looking dwellings would be certainly invaded by the French soldiers, it had been resolved, in the brief council held this afternoon in the Rathhaus, that although no resistance should be offered, the inhabitants most likely to be molested would act wisely in withdrawing themselves and their valuables to some place of refuge out of the line of the French retreat.

"Listen, Magdalena," he said—it seemed to him that any reasoning was justifiable which would make her consent to leave Freitenberg. "No doubt it would be dangerous to move your grandmother in this bitter cold. Let us, then, wrap her warmly in her chair, and make up a large fire, and leave her all the food she can want. It is supposed that the French will only halt here a few hours, for they believe the Russians are in pursuit. I promise that you shall return the moment danger is over. Come, my dearest love! you will come with me!"

Magdalena's lips trembled, and the tears started to her eyes, but her answer was to step down the last stair, on which she had been standing, and to cross the Hof toward the sitting-room.

"Stop"—Lorenz caught her arm. "You have only looked at one side of the matter. If you persist in staying here, I stay also. I can at least take the same risk as you do—a risk to which you will not open your eyes."

At this a sudden flush, a quivering of the eyelashes as the sweet eyes opened in wild terror, showed him how wrongly he had been reading her. He saw through the folds of her gown that Magdalena's heart was violently agitated—all her pulses were fluttering with fear, and her lips parted with agitation. She turned away from the door and faced him.

"You must not stay here, Lorenz; it would take away all my courage to know that you were in danger. And then think of your father and your mother—you are the only child they have. Your duty is to be with them now."

She saw that she had touched him, for he turned his head aside. Indeed, his mother's last words sounded in his ears: "Yes, my Lorenz, you may bring the dear Frau Herber and her grandchildren to us, but come without delay. I shall have no peace till I see you arrive at Ahnborn."

"Come in here," said Magdalena. She had opened the door. She went up to her grandmother. Franz stood beside her. When he saw Lorenz enter he frowned. He was surprised when the young man spoke to him.

"Franz," he said, "a time like this gives every one a responsibility. You are old enough to feel that Magdalena ought not to stay here. We must take her away."

It seemed to the boy that he was being cajoled. If Lorenz loved his sister, then he ought to stay and defend her. "If he goes away, he is a coward," said Franz to himself. "I see how it is: he wants me to go, so that he may not have to stay behind."

"Magdalena will not leave my grandmother," he said, coldly; "and she"—he stroked one of Frau Herber's hands—"can not travel in weather like this."

"Well, then," said Lorenz, quickly, for a new plan suggested itself, "stay you, then, with your grandmother; it is better to risk one life than two, and probably, even if they find you, the French will not ill-treat you, my boy." He turned to Magdalena and took her hand.

"You—" Franz broke out, angrily; but his grandmother pressed his arm warningly. "Peace, my child," she said; "you are the youngest; you must let Magdalena decide."

"I can not leave you, grandmother," the girl said. "If no harm comes to this house, then I need never have left it; and if harm does come," she went on, slowly, "then I could never be happy again if I had left you."

She put both arms around Frau Herber's neck and tenderly kissed her. Franz bent down too, and rustled his sister's hair.

"You are a brave girl," he whispered, "and I'll never tease you again. Now, Lorenz Inchoff, I am going to bar and bolt the gates," he said, with an important air.

Lorenz smiled. "By all means, Franz. I will come and help you."

"You! are you going to stay?" Franz looked at Lorenz with a troubled face.

"If Magdalena will not come with me, do you think I am going to leave?" said Lorenz.

At this the girl came forward and put her hand on his arm.

"Remember your mother, Lorenz; by this time she must be anxious."

Lorenz took both her hands.

"If this news had not come," he said, "I should to-day have asked your grandmother's consent to our betrothal. If we escape this trial, you will be my wife, will you not, Magdalena? Frau Herber and you, Franz, are witnesses to our promise. And you know a man may not desert his wife even for his mother, and you are my wife, dear one."

"No, she is not," said Franz, impetuously; he could hardly keep himself from pulling his sister's hands away from her lover's clasp.

Lorenz looked at him in angry surprise.

"Lorenz, she is not yet your wife," Frau Herber said. "If she were, it would be different. Listen to me. When your message came I was sorely troubled, for I foresaw this conflict; but soon peace came to me. Something seemed to tell me to trust, and I fell asleep in my chair. While I slept I thought I wakened, and your mother stood beside me. 'Where is Lorenz?' she said. 'What have you done with my son?' While I tried to answer her she went. After this I roused, and found that I had been dreaming; but the dream meant something, Lorenz. You must not stay here. You must go to your mother. A good son makes a good husband, you know," she said, smiling.

"I can not stay in this house against your will, but I shall remain in Freitenberg." The young fellow spoke doggedly.

"You must go to Ahnborn—indeed you must," Frau Herber said, entreatingly.

Lorenz smiled, kissed her hand, and bade her adieu; then he nodded to Franz, and went out of the room.

Magdalena followed him, and as soon as the door closed behind her Lorenz took her in his arms.

"I shall be near you, my beloved," he said. "If harm comes, we can at least die together."

Once more the lovers clasped hands, and then they parted. Franz closed and barred the gates at once, so that Magdalena had no chance of a last look.

CHAPTER IV.

The evening wore slowly away. Soon the noise of departure subsided, and when Franz came in—for he had said he could not stay cooped in-doors like a chicken—he reported that the town seemed asleep.

"Are there any signs of the French soldiers?" Frau Herber asked.

"No. I went out by the Wolfgang-Thor, and looked over the country, but I could not see them. It is so strangely dark, grandmother; I fancy there will be a heavy snow-fall."

Although Magdalena tried not to feel disquieted, it was impossible to go about the house in her usual light-hearted fashion. The thought of Lorenz hiding away somewhere so as to watch over her safety, instead of following his parents, disturbed her. If anything happened to him, then she would have been the cause of it. Would anything happen to any one? Was it not all a false alarm, and might not the French have taken the upper road, which would lead them some miles north of Freitenberg?

She was at the top of the house when this thought came, and she hurried up a ladder leading to the loft, only lighted by some slit-like dormers in the roof. She crossed the loft, and taking down a bar, opened a door just under the gable.

From this opening, spite of the growing darkness, Magdalena could see beyond the city walls, but she could only make out the hard dry road stretching away to the east. Nothing stirred on it. Below her was the silent city; not a sound came from it, not even a wreath of smoke from one of the huge chimney-stacks. The darkness was unnatural, and the clouds looked even more heavy than they had looked. All at once something fell upon her face: it was a snow-flake.

Magdalena closed the door again, shivering, for the keen wind had rushed in, almost blinding her with its icy force. The sense of loneliness was awful, and she went down to the sitting-room.

When she joined the others, her grandmother was sitting in her old place by the fire, but Franz had drawn one of the red curtains aside, and was looking out.

"I'll wager they'll not light the street lamps to-night," he said. "There never is one here; but there will not be one on the Herren-Gasse or the Market-place; there is no need to light the Frenchmen about. Perhaps the lamp men have gone away with the rest. Hullo! there is snow; do you hear, Magdalena?" he called to his sister.

She had knelt down before the fire, trying to warm herself, for she felt half frozen. She got up and touched her grandmother's hand. "I shall go and get your warm cloak," she said. "You can not be too much wrapped, grandmother."

"How slowly the snow comes down!" said Franz. "Great flakes as big as little white birds. Do come and look, Magdalena."

But she had gone for a cloak, and now she was wrapping the old woman carefully and tenderly within it. "You look drowsy, dear," she said. "Close your eyes and sleep."

Frau Herber smiled. "I am not sleepy. Go and look at the snow, my child."

And while the grandmother prayed silently beside the fire that her darlings might be spared the coming peril, Franz and Magdalena watched at the window.

At first the snow came as if unwillingly, falling, in large, solemn flakes through the still air, but these seemed to spread into downy feathers as they reached the ground, and quickly the street below the window was white. Now the flakes became thicker, and the wind, which had completely lulled for a brief space, whirled them round and round here and there in twisting veils of silver, till even Franz's eyes ached with gazing at it. Now the snow drove against the window, but it was so soft it made no sound.

Magdalena at length turned slowly from the window, and then she paused, and stood still, with parted lips.

"Did you hear?" she said, in a low, startled voice, while she fastened the curtain closely.

Franz started up and ran to the window, but the girl stood still, her face white and set, one hand raised to keep him silent. As they listened there came sounding from some way off the muffled notes of a trumpet.

"It is the French. They are in the town," said Franz. "We could not hear that from outside; the snow deadens the sound, or it would be plainer." He went back to the fire-place, and standing on tiptoe, took down his father's gun.

At this his grandmother sat upright in her chair.

"Leave the gun alone, Franz," she said, firmly; "resistance is absolutely useless. You might shed blood, but that is all you could do. You could not hinder these men. We have only one weapon, my child—we can pray." And then she began slowly to repeat the 140th psalm.

At first Franz listened doggedly, and gave impatient glances at the curtained window, but the feeble voice went on, and presently Magdalena sank on her knees beside her grandmother, and joined in her supplication. Franz put the gun down on the table, and tried to listen to them, but his ears were strained to catch other sounds, and when the psalm was ended, he beckoned to Magdalena:

"We must cover the fire," he said, "and pull the screen close round it."

"It does not show outside," she said—"I looked when I came in." But still she did as he asked. Between them they moved Frau Herber close to the chimney breast, and then drew the many-leaved Indian screen completely across it.

"Hark!" said Magdalena.

There was a distant shouting, then a subdued but continued murmur; this went on and on till it came nearer; then it paused.

The three watchers held their breath, pale and open-eyed, fixed in the posture in which the sound had surprised them. Soon there came again shouts, muffled, but still sounds not to be mistaken, and the eager listeners could picture to themselves that some treasure had been discovered by the plunderers. The time passed slowly. The air grew more and more chill; for though the fire still burned on the hearth, they did not dare to add fresh fuel, so as to kindle a blaze. Now and then the grandmother prayed aloud, but scarcely a word was spoken.

All at once came a louder sound—a sound that rang out through the closely packed air, and reached them at their hearth-stone, thrilling through their blood—a sound of singing, many voices joined in what seemed to be a drunken chorus.

Magdalena flung both arms tightly round her grandmother. "They must be quite near," she whispered.

Frau Herber pressed the girl's cold hands in her own. "He is nearer," she said, "and those who trust in Him shall not be confounded."

But to Magdalena it seemed that the singing came nearer still, and her terror almost conquered her trust.

CHAPTER V.

Lorenz Inchoff had first gone back to his father's house in the Herren-Gasse, to make sure that the doors were securely fastened, and then he wandered about this quarter of the deserted town. He wished to find a refuge between the main thoroughfare and Magdalena's home, so that he might give her timely warning of the approach of the French, and mount guard before the doorway. More than one house in the narrow streets which led in this direction had not been deserted, the inhabitants being either too poor or too infirm to think of taking the long, cold journey to Ahnborn. Some, too, were utterly incredulous. The French had been for so many years a bugbear that they believed this was but another false alarm. Lorenz talked to some of these unbelievers, but he refused their hospitality. He shrank from finding himself shut up with others. The deserted houses had closed doors and windows, and it was long before he could discover any place to take shelter in, and the snow had begun to fall thickly.

At last, at the angle of a narrow alley, he saw a garden wall. The wall was low, and he easily climbed into the garden. By good fortune the open court-yard of the house bounded this garden on one side. Below the overhanging gallery of this Hof he found a small door which had been left unlocked. But when he had passed into the room to which it led, he found a succession of offices ending in a kitchen; barred off from the actual house, the windows looked into the Hof and garden; he was completely shut off from the street. However, the garden wall was close by,

and from it he could easily reach the street in a few moments.

There was a fire still burning on the hearth of the first room he had entered. He made this up, and then he went back to the garden, and began to pace up and down, straining his ears to listen through the falling snow-flakes.

They fell thicker and thicker, faster and faster, till they came with such driving force that, staggering under the weight he now carried, he turned to seek shelter in-doors.

The wind whirled the snow with such sweeping fury against the wall of the Hof that in the darkness Lorenz had some trouble in finding the door by which he had first entered, and when at last he opened it, the snow followed him in like a white phantom, in spite of the obstacle offered by the projecting gallery overhead. He was so chilled that he could scarcely move, but he heaped more wood on the fire, shook his cloak with some difficulty clear of the snow that covered it, and stamped to free his boots from the huge clumps of snow that almost prevented him from moving. Then he placed himself near the window, though he knew that outer sounds must be dulled before they reached him. He was strangely tired, but he felt too drowsy to allow himself to rest. All at once it seemed to him that he was turning into stone. His limbs were stiff, and his jaws clung together; a strange stupor began to steal over him.

With difficulty he dragged himself near the fire, which now burned cheerfully, and then he remembered that he had taken no food since early morning.

He sat down before the fire, and tried to find in the pocket of his coat some cordial which he had put there. All at once he heard a sound outside.

He struggled to his feet, and listened. Through the still air came the muffled notes of a trumpet.

Lorenz made a rush to the door. This was the moment for which he had waited; he could at least die for Magdalena.

But he could not get to the door; he felt giddy, powerless, and he had to lean against the wall for support. Once more he dragged himself forward and reached the door, but he could not move it. Dimly he saw a mass of snow in front of it, then the ground seemed to slip from under his feet.

Lorenz started; he shivered, and opened his eyes. What was this? He was lying on the floor of a strange room; daylight showed faintly in the gray outline of a window, and as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light he saw a burned-out fire on the hearth and a mound of snow near where he was lying.

Then he remembered, and he struggled to rise; but this was not easy. He found that his limbs had stiffened with the cold; he could not move, and with this loss of power came the certainty that he must have been lying there for hours. What had happened? Had the French come to Freitenberg, or were they still expected? Then flashed the remembrance of that trumpet note, but it seemed to Lorenz that he had dreamed it. But, if not, had the night he so dreaded passed away while he lay sleeping? The thought gave him strength beyond his powers; he forced himself up from the ground. It was fortunate the wall was close by, or he must have fallen. His head reeled, his brain felt sick; he knew that in his present state he could not hope to reach Magdalena. He stood against the wall, trying to think calmly. Some sound must have roused him from this heavy sleep—what was it? Then all at once, and near to him, as it seemed, a trumpet rang out the call for departure. Lorenz had served against the French, and he knew well the loud, braying notes; but no murmur of movement followed. It was true, then, that the French were actually in Freitenberg; and he well knew he had slept and left Magdalena to their mercy. The agony of this thought fully roused him; his numbed blood stirred and brought back the power of movement. He pulled out his flask and drank from it, and then, guiding himself along by the wall, he brushed away some of the snow, and tried to open the door by which he had come in.

He pulled at it with all the strength he had, but he had soon to give up, exhausted. Then he tried with his knife to remove the snow which had worked its way in all around, but he found that this had frozen fast to the posts and lintels—it was hard ice.

Lorenz looked about him with despairing, haggard eyes. He was a prisoner! He saw now that the window was entirely snow-blocked, so that the morning was perhaps farther advanced than he had imagined. He went on through the offices till he reached the kitchen, and saw, what had escaped him in the darkness last night, a door in the panelled wall beside the cooking-stove. He opened this door, and, as he expected, he found a narrow staircase leading to the house itself. This assurance of escape from his prison helped his strength. He was soon up the stairs, and found himself at the end of the open gallery of the Hof. At the opposite end of this gallery was the great staircase of the mansion. The gallery was so full of snow that he was some time in making his way across it. In the corners, where it had drifted, it stood up in great white walls, and the staircase, when he came to it, was almost impassable.

At last, panting and exhausted, he reached the bottom of the staircase, and found himself in a dry covered court-yard. Two huge entrance gates were bolted and barred within. This house, then, had escaped. He unbolted and unbarred the gates, and to his joy they yielded. He opened them, and then he started, not only at sight of the street mantled in snowy whiteness—again the trumpet sounded, and now from the western side of the town. Lorenz waited, intently listening. Then he heard sounds as if the word of command were given; then came silence. They were departing. This terrible scourge had been removed from Freitenberg.

Lorenz's dread overpowered his relief. Imagination went on painting to him how his short unconscious night had been passed by the French soldiers. The snow shone silver-white. It had drifted against the angle of the opposite house, but in the road between, its smooth surface had been disturbed; foot-prints had struck deeply into it, though they had been partially hidden by a fresh covering of snow. As he trod on the frozen snow the whole aspect of the place was so changed that he wondered if he should find his way. There was no one abroad in this quarter. The chains of the lamps suspended across the streets were snow-laden, the roofs and chimneys were shapeless under their silver-white mantle, and the windows and doors were deeply framed in snow, while every bit of carving, every projecting bracket, had taken colossal dimensions with their dazzling covering.

As Lorenz went on, he saw more than one house where the open doorway and the marks of footsteps showed that the invaders had not been idle; but all was still. For him Freitenberg held only Magdalena, and at last, out of breath, and with snow-clogged feet, he reached the angle of the street she lived in.

Lorenz stopped, and from his heart went up a cry of joy and thanksgiving. It seemed to him that he beheld a miracle. The silvery mass had drifted till a solid wall of snow masked not only doors and lower windows, but covered even the oriel.

A track of footsteps showed that the street had been visited during the night, but the snow had so blocked the house that the work of breaking through such a barrier had, no doubt, seemed too fatiguing to the tired Frenchmen.

Lorenz went closer, and saw how thick and strong the wall was. "I must get help," he said; "the snow may stand here for days if the frost lasts."

He turned away, and then looked back at the windows above the snow wall. The door beneath the gable was opening slowly. He held his breath, and then he saw Magdalena smiling down on him with shining eyes.

"Are you safe—quite safe? Thank God!" she cried; and then her tears fell like rain.

He kissed his hand, and waved it toward her. "I go for help, my beloved," he called out.

It took Lorenz some time to get the help he needed. When the trumpet notes told the people of Freitenberg that the French were really in the town, they had hidden away in cellars and other places, and many of them had to be roused from deep sleep.

At last he got some men to come with shovels and pickaxes, and the door into the court-yard was quickly opened.

Magdalena and Franz were waiting for him in the court-yard. The boy's eyes filled with tears as he threw his arms around Lorenz.

"How is Frau Herber?" the young man said.

"Quite well. Come in and see her," said Franz. "She has been anxious for you. Never mind about Magdalena."

THE END.

THE "TRAMP," AND HIS SUPPRESSION.

The cruel and almost inconceivably ferocious murder of Mrs. Maybee and her daughter in a little village of Long Island, and other equally mysterious murders which have lately shocked the community, have brought the problem of the "tramp" before the country in the most startling manner. Every one familiar with rural or village life can readily understand the conditions which make such deeds not only possible, but, within not very long periods, almost certain. The scattered population, the isolated dwellings, the peaceful habits, the want of any organized or efficient police, with the existence of a class of wanderers, idle or half idle, and often criminal, spreading themselves over the country—these are the elements of the situation from which spring with considerable regularity petty thieving, outrage, assault, burglary, highway robbery, and murder, most of which go undetected and unpunished.

"Tramps," for the greater part, are the overflow from city life. Their ranks are recruited from the vicious, the lazy, and the unfortunate, who, driven from the haunts of organized society and the police, become, as their characters and habits incline them, beggars, thieves, or criminals. The greater number are simply idlers, strolling from place to place, begging a dinner here, a breakfast there, a lodging in some outhouse, or sleeping *à la belle étoile*, and living on the pilferings of hen roosts or corn fields. These are merely the drones of the great human hive, who drag out in filth and disorder their miserable lives. But with these are the men of criminal instincts and habits, fired with brutal lust, hungry with the greed born of dissipation and drink, reckless of life, their own or others', and trained in the terrible school of self-indulgence of our large towns. Woe to those who may meet them in the lonely ways, or may extend to them the hand of charity! Their trail across the woods and fields is marked with crime too horrible to describe, in comparison with which murder itself is less terrible. And it is to one of these that the rustic household may at any moment be opened when the ragged costume, the unshaven face, the sunburned hands, of the sturdy beggar appear at the door. It is with this element that society must make up its mind to deal.

The obvious weapon with which to deal with it is a police force. The average village or country community will shrink from this. The suggestion to them means an organized force of blue-coats, with sergeants and captains, and the omniscient and generally useless detectives. But this is not necessary. What is needed is a small force of mounted men, young, active, alert, with just enough organization to enable them to act together, and enough discipline to secure fidelity. Their chief function would be prevention rather than either detection or arrest. Patrolling the country roads frequently and rapidly, keeping a constant watch on suspicious persons, appearing often in the more secluded and exposed places, they could soon make it extremely dangerous for the criminal classes. An intimate and familiar knowledge of all persons with legitimate occupation is easily acquired in country neighborhoods, and that solves one-half the difficulties of police work. A criminal is really far safer in the dense population of the cities than he could be in a village with such an organization, since in the latter he would necessarily be a marked man, and could hardly move from point to point unobserved.

Such a force should be organized in every county, or it might with advantage be made a State force, outside of the larger cities. Its members should be carefully selected, with absolute freedom from political interference. They should serve for life, or as long as they were faithful and capable. They should have a graded increase in salary, or promotion, according to length of service and superior merit. They should be well mounted, uniformed, thoroughly instructed, and well officered. They should be pensioned for disability in the service, or on retirement for honorable cause, according to service. These requirements, which are of value in any force, would be essential in this, because of its peculiar nature, and the necessity of securing the best men at the most economical rates. Properly managed, such a force would practically put an end in a short time to the worst evils of the "tramp," and there is nothing in it which is not entirely feasible. The fact that the tramp is practically unknown in the outer districts of New York city, some of which are as strictly rural as the heart of Long Island, is due to the mounted police of the city, and this could be applied in a modified form in every community.

LEROY D. BROWN.

Leroy D. Brown, Ph.D., the School Commissioner elect for the State of Ohio, was born and reared on a farm not many miles north of Marietta. His father was the son of New England parents, and his mother's ancestry included the Harrises of Maryland and the Harrisons of Virginia. He is thirty-five years old, being the youngest man ever placed at the head of educational affairs in Ohio. In boyhood he attended a country school, and read nearly everything within his reach. At an early age he became a private soldier in the Union army, in which he saw hard service, participating in some of the bloodiest battles of the rebellion. After the war closed he returned to the farm, again entering the district school to prepare himself for the position of teacher. Like Garfield and other noted Ohio men, he defrayed the expenses of his collegiate course without help from others. After graduation he adopted teaching as a profession, reading law and travelling in America and Europe the better to fit him for his work. He is a good speaker, an easy writer, and is well equipped for the high service to which the people of his State have called him. We predict great prosperity for the schools of Ohio as the result of his administration.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A student in the University of Berlin is said to be sixty-nine years of age. He graduated in theology in his youth, and went as a missionary to South Africa, where he remained until a year or two since, when he returned to Germany to study medicine. As soon as he has become a doctor of medicine he will go back to the Transvaal as a medical practitioner. In 1873 there died in Göttingen a gray-haired man who had been a student in the university there for forty years. It was said that an uncle had left him a legacy of a few hundred thalers a year, which was to endure as long as he was pursuing his university studies. He was of an unambitious, convivial temperament, and the idea occurred to him not to stop pursuing them. He subscribed to a lecture or two at the beginning of each semester, which was sufficient for the maintenance of his status as a student; but the intervals were very long between his appearances in a lecture-room. A boy's cap with a flaring crown afforded a curious covering for his venerable head, and he was tenacious of a shiny old portfolio which could have been of no service to him except as a badge vouching for the respectability of his condition. Every child in Göttingen knew him as the "Old Student." He was astonishingly faithful to his beer. He was found one morning on his sofa, ex-matriculated, gone out, like his pipe, which had fallen on the floor by his side.

In the General Convention of Universalists at Washington, recently, objection was made to discussion of equal theological education for young women, on the ground that it was a side issue. "That's what Eve was—a side issue," said one of the assembled divines.

A revival of the discussion whether it is decent to break your soft-boiled eggs into a glass, or whether there must be nothing intermediate between the egg and the consumer save a spoon, suggests the possibility of its being a scandalous thing to take a sherry flip in the manner which is now common. If there are people who can not bear the sight of fluent egg all alone by itself, it is not likely that they would be willing to be spectators of egg and sherry shaken up together; and it seems beyond question that they would be pained and even horrified to see the whole rude contents of an egg dropped with a hollow "bubl-l!" into a glass of sherry, and allowed to float there in all its gross and yellow entirety. The possible offensiveness of the present method might be avoided by taking the sherry out of one egg-shell and the egg out of another.

Moncure D. Conway wrote to the Glasgow *Herald* a description of the sun as he saw it for several days while he was on his way from England to Australia. One morning, in place of the usual orb, an intense blue sun rose above the horizon and swung across the firmament, maintaining its startling color the entire day. The volcanoes of Java were in eruption at the time of this remarkable appearance of the sun, and the phenomenon noted by Mr. Conway is ascribed to the conditions arising from the tremendous disturbances in the distant Indian island. In the accounts of the great Javanese upheaval it was reported that the sun was blue.

News comes from the Sandwich Islands that the first number of the *Hawaiian Monthly Magazine* will appear there about the beginning of the new year. Dr. Charles T. Rogers is to be the editor.

Logsdon Weaver and John Brown were recently taken to State-prison together in Kentucky. Weaver had killed a man, and his sentence was for two years. Brown's sentence was for three years: he had broken into a railroad car and stolen a water-melon.

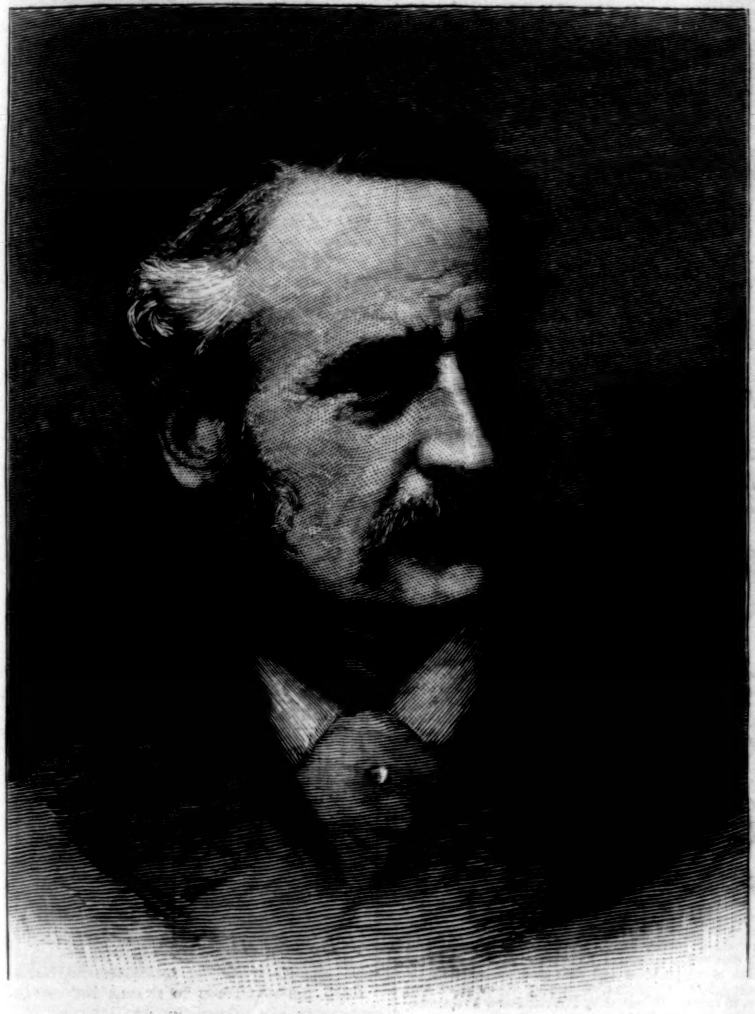
A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* in Goshen, Indiana, tells a story of the first printing of Will Carleton's "Betsey and I are Out." The poem was sent, the correspondent says, to the Toledo *Blade*, where a subordinate, in the absence of the editor, threw it into the waste-basket. The editor had a habit of looking through the waste-basket, and he recovered the poem, all except the first sheet. For a duplicate of this sheet he wrote to the author, who furnished it, and the poem was printed. It was copied by nearly every paper in America.

In a fervid review of a drop-curtain, one of the Cincinnati newspapers says: "There was a moment of impatient anticipation after the audience had been seated, when the green baize was rapidly rolled up and the new drop-curtain appeared to view. It was greeted with most enthusiastic applause, as it deserved to be. The scene represents the opening night of the Grand Opera-house in Paris, and gives a very carefully drawn and correct representation of the splendid entrance and stairs leading to the auditorium. While the staircase, with its lights and shadows, presents a difficult subject for treatment, it has been faithfully executed and is architecturally correct."

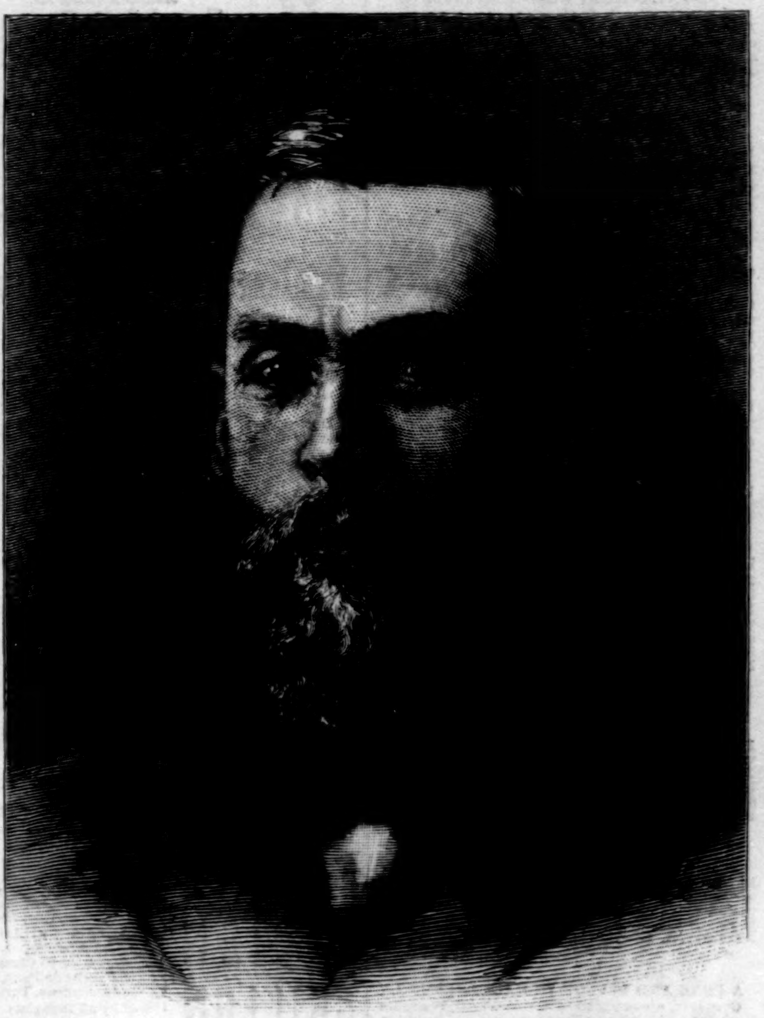
UNCLE SAM'S DILEMMA.

"What's to be done with them?"

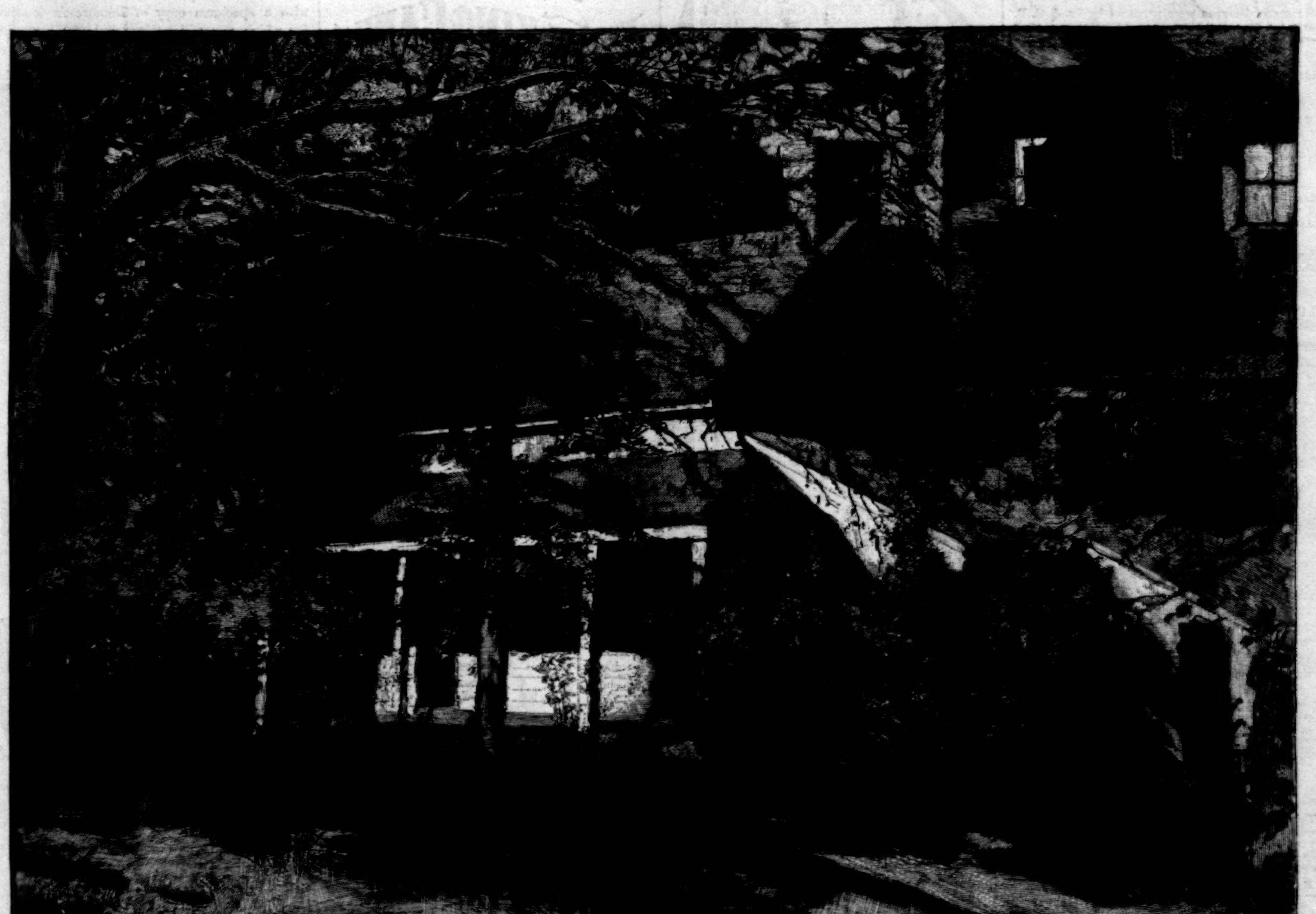
THE BARTHOLDI LOAN EXHIBITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 799.]



DISTRICT-ATTORNEY WHEELER H. PECKHAM.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 795.]



L. D. BROWN, PH.D.—Photographed by Overpeck.—[See Page 803.]



POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.—Drawn and engraved by F. Jüngling.—[See Page 799.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

NO PHYSICIAN NEED HESITATE.

Dr. S. V. Clevenger, Chicago, Ill., says: "Horsford's Acid Phosphate should be made officinal. It is the most eligible form for the administration of phosphorus, and no physician need hesitate to order it on his prescription blanks."—[*Adv.*]

DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT

Has given universal satisfaction during the thirty-six years it has been introduced in the United States. After being tried by millions, it has been proclaimed

The Pain Destroyer
of the World.

Pain cannot be where this Liniment is used.

If used as directed it cannot and never has failed in a single instance.

As an external remedy in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Chapped Hands, Bruises, Stings of Insects, Mosquito Bites, Pains in the Limbs, Back, and Chest, Cuts, Sores, Sprains, Stiffness of the Joints, and Contractions of the Muscles, its wonderful Curative Powers are miraculous. Taken internally in cases of Sick Headache, Bowel Complaints, Cholera, Dysentery, Colic, Vomiting, Sea-Sickness, and Dyspepsia, its soothing and penetrating qualities are felt as soon as taken.

Sold by the Druggists at 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

The family medicine is twice as strong as Dr. Tobias's Horse Liniment. Depot, 42 Murray St.—[*Adv.*]

The wrapper of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut is unique. The foil, which effectively preserves the freshness and aroma of the tobacco, is stamped into a silken surface. At the top is the triumphant Durham Bull, symmetrical in figure and lordly in proportion. Beneath are the Pyramids, on whose top an ambitious sculptor is carving—not Excelsior, but which is the same thing—Durham. Enjoy the artistic design before passing it over to the children.—[*Adv.*]

DINNER SETS

From Dresden, Limoges, Minton's, Copeland, Wedgwood, and Royal Worcester. Plates for Oysters, Soup, Fish, Roast, Dessert, &c. Also, China and Glass Table, Chamber, and Ornamental Wares. Largest assortment in the United States, at moderate prices. Herman Trost & Co., 50, 52, and 54 Murray St.—[*Adv.*]

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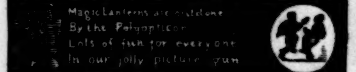

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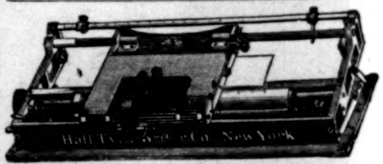

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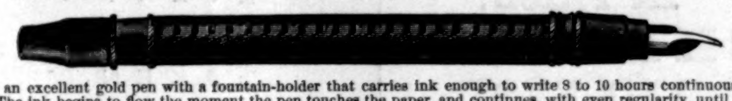

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